

The Nation.

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The Week.

IN spite of the assurance which several Republican organs have given us that the Democratic investigation "leads logically to revolution," and that "revolution" will lead to fighting, one side under Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan, and the other side under Tom, Dick, and Harry, we see no sign of preparation for this appalling struggle, which, according to one authority, is to rage in every State, town, and school district in the country. Business continues on the whole to improve, the price of stocks is steady, and we have heard of no one removing his helpless family to a place of safety. This apathy under the circumstances is very strange. As the conflict must come, however, sooner or later—that is, probably, about the time the last Florida or Louisiana scoundrel has "confessed" to the committee—we would make one suggestion for the consideration of thoughtful patriots, and that is that the people of the same town or school district should arrange to do their own fighting, so as to prevent the irruption of irresponsible outsiders. By a little judicious arrangement, for instance, they might fight on rainy days and at leisure moments, so as to prevent its interfering with the summer's farm-work, or causing any bloodshed or destruction of property. How much fighting will be needed to "save society" from the Democrats we do not know, but should think three months of active, even if harmless, warfare ought to make this country all it ought to be, and satisfy even Chandler and Blaine.

The insincerity which characterizes much of the proceedings connected with the Democratic investigation was brought out strikingly in the action of both parties on the Carter Harrison resolution on Wednesday week. Mr. Harrison, in order to meet the popular disapproval of any assault on the President's title, introduced a resolution providing that the Potter Committee should investigate the alleged frauds in Oregon and South Carolina if the majority thought proper, and declaring that the title of the present incumbents to the offices of President and Vice-President was definitively and indefeasibly settled by the last Congress. The question being put whether the resolution was a question of privilege, the Democrats were, in accordance with their precedent on the Potter resolution, bound to vote in the affirmative, which, had the resolution been ultimately adopted, would have committed them to nothing but the confirmation of the President's title. But only sixty-one Democrats, including all the members of the Potter Committee except one, voted in favor of the resolution, to fifty-one against it. Inasmuch as the Republicans maintain that the designs of the Democrats are "revolutionary," and that what they are really aiming at is the expulsion of Mr. Hayes from office, by here joining the majority of the Democrats they might have placed on record a solemn confirmation of his title by a vote of the majority of the House. Instead of this, however, they resolved, after consultation, to abstain from voting, and the resolution was lost for want of a quorum. Ten Republicans, however, voted for it.

There is nothing definite as to the programme of the Investigating Committee, though all sorts of stories are afloat about it. It will have to map out its work carefully if it is to have any dish worth serving before Congress adjourns. One "important witness," who appears to be a dreadful scamp, has turned up in the person of one Anderson, the supervisor of registration in the parish of East Feliciana, who proposes to reveal the story of Republicans keeping their voters away from the polls, and then cooking up affidavits of intimidation. He is going to tell all he knows and "bring Mr. Sherman down off his high horse." Another rascal of the same

stamp is one Pyles, a former clerk of the Louisiana Returning Board, who was afterwards rewarded with an office, but, losing it in some way, proposes to make revelations also. We presume others of the same kind will turn up. It would not be surprising if even the well born Madison Wells had a change of heart and made a clean breast of it.

Mr. Clarkson Potter has written a letter to a friend defending and explaining his action in the investigation matter. After denying that Mr. Alexander H. Stephens was "howled down" in his attempt to oppose the resolution, he goes on to show that as everything done by the committee, or in consequence of the committee's report, will be legally done there will be no disturbance or "Mexicanization." He then gives a historical sketch, tinged with bitterness, of the formation of the Electoral Commission, the decision of which he acknowledges to be binding; declares that if Congress does anything more than enquire it will be because the country will require it to do more; pronounces the object of the enquiry to be "to ascertain facts, so that if frauds be established a repetition of such frauds may be prevented, and if not, to clear up the belief through the country that there were such frauds." Thus far all is pretty plain sailing, but when he comes to answer the question why the Republican feeling that the Democratic bulldozing had been as effective as the Republican cheating does not also need to be satisfied by investigation, he maintains that it makes a great deal of difference whose ox is gored, for, says he, "the Republicans ought to understand that the condition of things by which the negroes were prevented from voting was fraudulently prepared by the Republicans." But why should the Democratic assertion about bulldozing be accepted any more than the Republican assertion about cheating? The same observation may, *mutatis mutandis*, be made on his allegation that the army was allowed to interfere with the elections.

Mr. Stephens has replied to Mr. Potter in a warm and telling letter, which will undoubtedly have considerable effect on the public mind, showing that the Potter resolution took him completely by surprise; that he wrote to Mr. Potter and Mr. Candler protesting against the attempt to make the enquiry one-sided, and against the opposition to Mr. Hale's motion to make it general; ridicules Mr. Potter's theory that the Hale resolution was not "germane," as if all electoral frauds committed or attempted at the same election were not germane; and winds up with a strong protest against the whole enterprise, as likely "to disturb the peace, quiet, and harmony of the country," and "to end either in a contemptible farce or a horrible tragedy." There are no materials whatever for a tragedy in it, but the farce is very probable.

That the Potter move continues to make some impression at the White House is shown by the publication of a sort of proclamation to the people of the South by Mr. Key, the Postmaster-General, which assumes it as proved that if the Democrats have a majority in both Houses of the next Congress "they intend to oust Mr. Hayes and inaugurate Mr. Tilden." But he maintains, as the question of title was irrevocably settled by the last Congress, the next one would have no more right to oust Mr. Hayes than Mr. Hayes to send a file of soldiers to unseat a Democrat whom he did not consider lawfully elected. The leaders in this enterprise, he says, rely on the "solid South" to help them to carry it out; but he asks the South, which the Northern Democrats have so often betrayed, whether it can afford to participate in any such scheme, and warns it to send up men to the next Congress who will "prevent the Mexicanization of our institutions," and show that the confidence which Mr. Hayes won by his withdrawal of the troops has not been withdrawn. The usual rumors are afloat that Mr. Hayes

is so frightened by the aspect of affairs that he has sent for the Republican leaders, and bid them take as many offices as they please, if they will only stand by him in defence of his own, and that he will soon dismiss the odious Schurz and the renegade Key, and put "stalwart" men in their places—all of which is, we believe, as true as usual. The fall canvass in the meantime promises to be a lively one, one side being bent on "revolution" and the other on the concealment of fraud, with civil war in the background, and a judicious mixture, Mr. Thurlow Weed says, of Communistic riots of a horrid character. Gail Hamilton will have a high command, and Mr. Blaine will probably "straddle" the whole field before the summer is over, one leg cased in embroidered breeches, with a big silver spur, and the other in plain black "pants," with a prunella boot. Probably the funniest figure in the struggle will be Mr. Tilden, when they are inaugurating him by force as a Mexican pretender.

The Senate has passed, by a vote of forty-one to eighteen, the bill prohibiting the further withdrawal of the greenbacks, and directing the Treasury to reissue them. Mr. Bayard made a vain attempt to have them deprived of their legal-tender character except in payment of Government dues, and Mr. Morrill solemnly warned the Senate of the gravity of the step it was taking, but nothing had any effect. The bill was passed exactly as it came from the House, being, it is understood, a kind of compromise between the contractionists and anti-contractionists, which, as affording Mr. Blaine a chance to "straddle" another important question, secured his vote for it also. The gravity of the measure it is almost impossible to overestimate. No piece of legislation since the first issue of the greenbacks has approached it in importance. That issue it was which planted in America the crazy notions about the province of government which have finally ripened into the lawless Communism which is now alarming the country. This second issue—for it is a second issue—makes the provision of paper money a permanent duty of the Government, and gives the Government the right to fix the volume of the currency; and we now venture to predict that the proper amount of this currency will hereafter be an issue in every political canvass, and that the honest, intelligent portion of the community will have to fight hard every year, to their enormous loss and detriment, to prevent the disorganization of industry and trade by violent and sudden changes in the value of all existing contracts; and under the incentive which the control of Congress over the matter will furnish to demagogues we shall feel the effects of our huge ignorant vote in ways few people now dream of.

The Senate has confirmed Packard's nomination as Consul at Liverpool, and he goes abroad with a certificate of character from both parties. It has also passed a bill to add another judge to the Second Judicial Circuit (which includes this State, Vermont, and Connecticut), and will doubtless give the same relief to the Illinois district, in spite of opposition from some of the Democrats, who prefer to wait till 1881 for a Democratic Executive. The House has been mostly engaged in mangling Mr. Hewitt's Army Appropriation Bill. As it emerged from Committee of the Whole it was unrecognizable by its author, and his maximum of 20,000 had been put back to 25,000. But on Monday that important action was, unhappily, reversed, owing to absences on the Republican side, and reconsideration was prevented by a very gross piece of impertinence and discourtesy on the part of the Speaker. Mr. Garfield, foreseeing the result, changed his vote that he might have the parliamentary right to move a reconsideration. On attempting to do so, however, Mr. Randall refused to recognize him, and recognized Mr. Hewitt instead, excusing himself, when called to account for this behavior, on the ground that Mr. Garfield's last vote was "insincere." But Mr. Randall has more than once, during this session, shown the bad influence of his ambition on the discharge of his duty to the House and to the country. Mr. Knott succeeded in getting adopted a mischievous amendment prohibiting, under penalties of fine and imprisonment, the employment of any part of the army as a posse

comitatus or otherwise under the pretext, or for the purpose, of executing the laws, except in such cases and under such circumstances as such employment of troops may be authorized by Congress. The illicit distillers, the Mexican border marauders, and the July rioters will be much obliged for this favor. By another amendment, conceived in hostility to Mr. Schurz's administration, the Indian Bureau is transferred to the War Department. The bill in this shape was passed by a vote of 120 to 115 on Tuesday.

The Pennsylvania Democratic Convention met in Philadelphia on Wednesday, the 22d, and owed its chief interest to the struggle to control it of the partisans of Senator Wallace and Speaker Randall, respectively. There was a good deal of disorder at the beginning of the session, and much virtuous indignation, rowdily vented, over the attempt of the Wallace ring to "fix things" to suit themselves. In the end, as usual, the ring prevailed in all essential particulars, and the Speaker returned to his place in Congress with the uncomfortable feeling of having been outgeneralled. According to the resolutions, the Pennsylvania Democrat holds that the Republican party is responsible for all the present financial and industrial distress; that the greenbacks should be reissued as fast as received, and circulate at par with gold and silver; that commerce and manufactures should be encouraged by a protective tariff; that the public lands should be kept for settlers; that the public debt should be held at home; and that the electoral frauds ought to be investigated, but the President's title not disturbed, since any attack upon it would be "dangerous to our institutions and fruitless in its results." Except the perfunctory abuse of the Republican party and qualified approval of the Potter investigation, there is nothing in this platform to distinguish it from the one adopted by the Republicans the week before; for the currency plank above quoted is what the Republicans would in all probability have put forward as their own if they had not thought it more politic to say nothing about the matter. The great State of Pennsylvania, therefore, has no explanation to give of the existence of two distinct political organizations whose views of permanent public policy are as like as two peas.

What first distinguishes the Vermont Republican Convention's resolutions is their extreme brevity, seeing that they are but four in number, and the longest not a dozen lines in length. They cover but three points: (1) the President's motives and the general course of his administration, which are heartily approved and declared not to justify division in the Republican ranks; (2) the Potter investigation, which is pronounced "unfair, uncalled-for, and revolutionary"; and (3) the condition of the Southern mind, which is deplored so far as it is opposed to the bestowal of equal rights and privileges on all citizens, and "cordially recognized" so far as it stands firm for the Union and the perpetuity of good government. This would seem an extraordinary manifesto in any State which was not, like Vermont, overwhelmingly in the hands of the party making it. It teaches nothing, does not look ahead and forestall coming issues, nor take advanced ground or even positive ground with a view to shaping the conduct of the party.

The sales of United States $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. bonds by the Syndicate to the investing public were concluded early in the week, many of the bonds having been sold ahead. At the close of the week, however, the Syndicate had not taken the last \$15,000,000 from the Treasury, so that the negotiation as between the Treasury and the Syndicate is yet formally unclosed. The reason why the last instalment has not been taken is on account of the gold market, which neither party wishes to disturb more than is absolutely necessary. As it is, gold has become scarce in the market, and the scarcity has advanced the price to 101 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 101 $\frac{1}{4}$. As the Treasury has the power to make gold deposits with the banks, the scarcity is regarded as a temporary matter. The closing out, so far as the buying public are concerned, of the \$50,000,000 $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. bonds, has stimulated a general demand for all classes of investments. Enough

United States 4 per cents have been sold to warrant the notification of holders of \$5,000,000 more 6 per cent. bonds that they will be redeemed ninety days hence. For railroad bonds and first-class dividend stocks the investment demand during the week has been unexampled, at least for many months; and even speculation at the Stock Exchange has been enlivened and strengthened. The large transfers of gold from the banks to the Treasury have not affected the money market, which has been unhealthily easy, with demand loans ruling at 2 to 3 per cent. All the foreign markets have been strong on the consent of Russia to enter a congress for the consideration of the San Stefano Treaty; and British consols have advanced to 97½ to 97¾, the highest price for many months. Silver in London continues depressed at 53½d. per ounce. In New York the bullion value of the new silver dollar at the close of the week was \$0.9010; the gold value of the United States legal-tender note for one dollar, \$0.9888.

One of the reasons the Silver Sages gave for the low price of silver three months ago is that the Treasury was "unfriendly" to it. The Treasury has now opened its arms to the dear metal, and held on the 30th of April nearly \$17,000,000 of it in one form or another in comfortable, dry vaults; nevertheless, the ungrateful little wretch continues to sell itself for little over 53 pence per ounce, or less than it went for when the glorious Silver Bill was passed. The Secretary is adding to the amount at the rate of about \$3,000,000 a month, so that we shall soon be pretty well supplied, not with the metal, which will stay in the cosy vaults, but with paper certificates, which after a while will make excellent legal tenders, being worth nearly ten per cent. less than gold or greenbacks. We pointed out to the Sages the other day, in view of this rapidly threatening state of things, the fact that neither France nor any other great Power was likely to join us in the great silver movement, and asked whether they were ready with any solution of the difficulty. The Cincinnati *Commercial* has none to offer, but observes that the mono-metallists said France was not a bi-metallie country; and yet they say now that she is going to become mono-metallie. What they said was that France, having suspended specie payments at the transition period, was neither one nor the other, but when she resumed would probably adopt the single standard, and this is how the case stands at this moment. In the meantime we are threatened with a single standard of silver, and an abundance of paper payable in silver, and the severance once more of our monetary connection with the foreign commercial world; and the maniacal authors and instigators of this mischief simply smile and change the subject.

The late Mr. A. T. Stewart began in his lifetime an enterprise which excited a good deal of interest, in the shape of a hotel in which "working-women" could have all the necessaries and many of the luxuries at a low rate. His representatives, Mrs. Stewart and Judge Hilton, finished it after his death, and offered rooms in it for six dollars a week, with the use of "elegant parlors" and a library, to such working-women as chose to go without sewing-machines, pictures, birds, beasts, and fishes in their rooms, and to see no company except in the public parlor, and go to bed promptly at eleven. It was evident from the outset that the number of working-women who could pay six dollars a week for board and lodging was small, and that the number who could pay it and would submit to the rules was smaller still, and accordingly only 50 boarders ever presented themselves, though there was accommodation for 1,000, and accordingly after a month's trial the experiment has been abandoned, and the house converted into an ordinary hotel. One of the reasons given by the proprietors, and indeed the principal one, for their failure, is that it has been discovered that women will not live in a hotel where they are cut off completely from the society of male friends. This is a most important fact, and we must say that if the hotel were burnt down to-morrow the \$3,000,000 which it cost would have been well spent in finding out this striking feminine peculiarity. We would ask those who say that it is no great discovery after all. Why was it

not made sooner? Woman's liking for the company of Man in her leisure hours has, in all human probability, existed now since the first recorded Olympiad, or about 750 B.C., and yet it has been, it appears, successfully concealed—so successfully that as shrewd a man as Judge Hilton opened a hotel on the assumption of its non-existence. On lighting on the great truth, however, instead of keeping it to himself and trying to make money by using it in his business, as a quack would have done, he has generously communicated it to all mankind, and turned the building into something else.

The Shuvaloff mission seems, in some way not yet fully explained, to have resulted in an arrangement for the meeting of a congress. Russia appears to have made concessions on points which were undoubtedly magnified in the San Stefano Treaty for the purpose of furnishing the basis of a compromise, such as the size of the new Bulgarian principality and the amount of the indemnity. The difficulty about the submission of the whole treaty to the congress, which was the war-horse of the British Ministry, has, it is said, been got over by Germany's agreeing to call a congress to consider the three last treaties relating to the East—those of 1856, 1871, and that of San Stefano—and see whether they need modification. If this be really the solution that has been reached, it looks as if we had been on the point of seeing one or two hundred thousand men killed for a very small matter.

The Government and the National Liberals have come to an open breach in the German Parliament over the bill for the suppression of the Socialists, introduced by the former, and the first clause of which was defeated on Saturday by an overwhelming majority, after which the measure was withdrawn. The Liberals object to the increase of police powers over the press and public meetings which the enactment of the bill would involve, and they are supported, though for different purposes, by Ultramontanes and Particularists, and malcontents of all shades. The majority against the bill was so great that it was rumored that the Government intended it to be defeated with the view of using the check as an excuse for the dissolution of Parliament, but this the Ministers have denied. They have also been accused of having winked at the Socialist movement with the view of discrediting the middle classes, among whom the bulk of the Liberal sentiment lies. All attempts to come to terms with the new Pope have thus far failed, as he refuses to recognize the Falk laws in any manner or form. His health is, however, so feeble that it is not probable he will contribute anything towards the solution of the problems left by his predecessor.

In England the labor troubles in the North furnish the most prominent topic. A vote has been taken among the operatives on the question of accepting a compromise proposed by one of the manufacturers, but it was overwhelmingly rejected, and the manufacturers did not take the trouble to consider it. The rioting is at an end, but has left behind very bitter feelings. The operatives in one town—Oldham—have agreed to the employers' proposed reduction. The death of Earl Russell, the news of which has come too late to receive more than a mention, is, so far as it has any political effect, likely to prove a help to the Liberals, as bringing once more to people's minds the wonderful changes which the party brought about in England since the death of George III., and in all of which the deceased earl bore a part more or less prominent. The repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts, of which the Nonconformists celebrated the fiftieth anniversary the other day, the Emancipation of the Catholics and the abolition of slavery, the reform of municipal government and parliamentary representation, and the repeal of the corn laws, have virtually created a new England, the great and splendid England which we see to-day; and the transformation was the work of the party of which Lord Russell, during a long life, was one of the distinguished chiefs, and which now at his death is resisting an attempt to revive the bulldog policy of the last century, and put down reason by singing songs over a glass of grog.

CONGRESS ON THE ARMY.

THE debates over the Army Bill in Congress have been interesting rather for the picture they present of Congressional feeling about the army than for any effect they are likely to have on the army itself. The attempt to reduce the force ought to, and probably will fail, for reasons of overwhelming weight. The 25,000 regulars now in the service of the Government are charged with the defence of a frontier 12,207 miles long, against 278,000 occasionally hostile Indians, to say nothing of the Mexican frontier, on the other side of which lies a barbarous and ill-governed and predatory population; and with the protection of \$204,601,681 worth of Government property, not including the public buildings, archives, and collections at Washington. What is most remarkable in the debates is the eager interest of the House in a question which apparently has no interest at all, or very little, for the country at large. There is no sign anywhere of a strong public desire that the army should be diminished or even reorganized. In fact, the only strong opinion expressed about the army during the past year has been the opinion of those who were alarmed by the riots last summer, that it ought to be enlarged. On the part of the majority of the people of both parties, there is, as far as one can see, considerable, and even too great, indifference to the subject.

The hostility to the army, and the preoccupation about it, in fact, seem to be confined to the class in and out of Congress known as "politicians," and this hostility is partly instinctive and partly due to the notion that "capital" may be made out of it. Any disciplined military organization is hateful to a politician, because of the restraints it puts on individual freedom. The punctilio, the order, the close attention to details, the exact obedience, and the arbitrary exercise of power with which it has to be conducted, are the things of all in human society which he can least put up with. The military officer, too, is a most offensive person to him, and could not be made inoffensive in any way that would not destroy him as a military officer. A person who interferes with or rails at men about their clothes, their hair, or their beard, who makes them salute him when they meet him, who assumes the superiority of his own knowledge and of his own way of doing things, and who expresses his wishes in the form of commands, offends a politician in the very recesses of his being. He outrages all his notions of propriety, and contravenes all his theories of proper human relations. West Point, as a place in which young men are taught, at the public expense, to exercise arbitrary authority and to think they know certain things better than other people, has also always tried him sorely, and he only submits to its existence under the overwhelming pressure of public opinion. This instinctive dislike may, indeed, be said to cover the whole instructed and specialist class, such as professors and scientific men, when they venture out of their libraries and utter judgments or attempt to exert influence on public questions. The pretensions of the whole body of them are to him monstrous and intolerable; but it is only those who are paid by the Government, and whom therefore he can get at, that thus rouse his fury. For the others he satisfies himself by expressing a mild contempt, like that uttered by Mr. Angus Cameron, of Wisconsin, the other day, for Mr. Emerson and Mr. Longfellow, because they were not able of themselves to prevent their works from being pirated, which he looked on as a sign of imbecility.

The belief that "capital" may be made by denouncing the army is due to a combination of circumstances which are probably only temporary in their operation. The use of the army in the South for so many years after the war, in work which practically amounted to aiding in keeping the Republican party in power, would, it was easy to see, be certain to make it an object of attack to the Democrats whenever they got a majority in Congress; nothing but Mr. Hayes's prompt withdrawal of the troops from the Southern States has prevented the recent onslaught from being fiercer and much more successful than it has been. The use made of it in suppressing the riot, and the demand

made for its services as a protection against riots hereafter, have revived and given a new and more plausible form to the hostility to it bred by the Southern question. From the theory which has been extensively preached—that the distress now prevalent among the laboring classes is due to the fraud and treachery of capitalists, and, indeed, to the greed of all owners of property—the deduction is easy that the exercise of some sort of physical pressure on capitalists in order to make them satisfy the demands of labor is allowable. Indeed, once a strike ceases to be a simple difference of opinion about the price of a commodity, it becomes an attempt to assert a right, the loss of which means the loss of a man's subsistence and of that of his family, and in defence of which any excesses are excusable. Accordingly, we find several Congressional orators virtually treating pillage and arson as legitimate incidents of a strike, and the use of the army to prevent them as an outrageous interference with the poor man's legitimate means of self-protection; and all their arguments against the use of the army to prevent them, would apply with equal force to the use of the militia or the police. The chief argument was indeed very simple, viz., that under a popular government, where every man has access to the ballot, criminal riots—that is, riots attended with wanton or unjustifiable damage to person or property, *cannot* occur—these things being confined exclusively to monarchies and aristocracies. You may say that, whatever the theory may be, the fact is they have occurred; but to this the reply is that what you took for a riot, and what seemed to you wanton damage to person and property, was really a rough mode of adjusting the rate of wages. In other words, if the theory that riots do not occur under a democratic government does not fit the facts, so much the worse for the facts.

Mr. Hewitt pushed this mode of reasoning a little further. He said that there is now no Communism in this country, but if you have a large standing army it will produce Communism. Look at France, he said. There had been Communism there, and there was a standing army of 450,000 men at the same time; therefore it was the army that produced the Communism; for as soon as the Republic was established, and every man got the ballot, it left France, and went to Germany, where it is now raging. Mr. Hewitt did not mention the fact that the French workingman has had the ballot since 1851, nor did he allude to the little circumstance that Germany has had large standing armies for half a century, or the other little circumstance that Communism in migrating from France to Germany went from one country of universal suffrage to another. Now, when a man of Mr. Hewitt's power argues in this way what can we expect from ranters like Mr. Kimmel, who began a gigantic ratiocinative attack on standing armies by quoting Tacitus, and worked his way down through the Middle Ages to our own time, covered with foam and dust, and knocking the mercenary soldier "higher than a kite" at every step. The great objection to the army seemed to be that it was "standing" and that the soldier obeyed his officers blindly; but these objections only seemed to apply to an army of 25,000 men or upwards. An army of 20,000 or 10,000 would not, it would appear, constitute a danger to our liberties or bring Communism among us; so that the danger lies not so much in the character as in the size of the force, and so delicate is the relation between the dimensions of the army and the security of our liberty that an increase or diminution to the extent of 5,000 men would turn the scale. All the debates, in so far as they ran not on the economy but on the expediency of having any army at all, were purely debating-club exercises.

The question of maintaining a standing army in this country is simply a business question. We have only to ask ourselves whether this or occasional levies of militia is the more efficient and cheaper method of doing certain administrative work. The old dread of a standing army took its rise in the fact that it was raised without the people's consent, and commanded by persons over whom they had no control, and was so large that it could strike fatal blows before the means of resisting it could be organized. None

of these objections would apply to an army of 50,000 or even 200,000 here, just as they do not apply to an army of 150,000 in England. All modern police is a standing army, and has to be, because the police of modern society is a work of great delicacy and magnitude, and whether the policeman shall be armed with a club and revolver or a rifle and bayonet, is a question of detail. So, also, whether the national police shall consist of a constantly organized force of hired men, or a force of citizens called away every now and then from their affairs, like the sheriff's posse, and shall number 10,000 or 50,000, are questions of detail. The assertion that under our Government there is a great principle involved in them, and that American institutions would be put in peril if 50,000 men were scattered in garrisons over the whole continent, is a striking illustration of the soundness of the growing opinion that we have too much Congress, and that the necessity which members find of filling up the time with some kind of noise disorders their sense of proportion, and smothers the plain practical sense which most of them bring from home.

THE FRAUD INVESTIGATION.

MR. CLARKSON POTTER has written a letter in explanation of the Democratic programme in making the investigation, which will probably furnish many good Republicans with food for reflection. He shows that the great objection to the adoption of the Hale resolution making the enquiry general was that it would have so retarded the process that no report could be made before the present Congress adjourned—a statement which we think sufficiently confirms our suggestion last week, that the great object of the investigation is the provision of "capital" for the fall canvass. If the ousting of Mr. Hayes was in contemplation it would make no difference whether the report was made to this Congress or not. It would be just as effective, and in fact more so, if made to the next Congress. But, indeed, Mr. Potter expressly repudiates the idea that it is an attack on Mr. Hayes's title. He acknowledges that the Commission gave him a good title, as long as it is not impugned by some legal remedy, and whether there exists any legal remedy he does not say; but in all this he does not go beyond the terms of the act creating the Commission, for this expressly reserved any right of appeal to the courts which either candidate might possess. So that in form there is certainly nothing "revolutionary" in the proceeding. It is perfectly constitutional for the majority of the House to enquire whether frauds were committed in any State at a Presidential election; the majority of the Republican House entered on such an enquiry in 1868. It will be perfectly constitutional, too, for anybody who thinks the investigation furnishes proof of fraud to make an attempt to assail Mr. Hayes's title before a court of law, and it will rest with the judges to pass on his motion. There will, in short, at no stage of the programme as now traced out be any room for fighting, or for the intervention of a "savior of society," either in the person of General Grant or anybody else. But it will rest with the people at the polls in the coming election to say whether they approve of these performances of Mr. Potter and his friends or not. If they do not—and we feel sure they do not—Mr. Potter and his friends will have to let the President and his title alone, and will suffer for their attack on it; if they do approve of it, it is not the investigation which will be revolutionary, but an attempt to resist it.

Mr. Potter's account of the way in which the Democrats lost the election is instructive and in parts amusing. It contains many assumptions which one might readily upset, but when he says that the sum and substance of it was that "the Democrats held the cards and the Republicans bluffed them," he describes somewhat neatly the whole affair. During the count two sets of exceedingly able and by no means scrupulous managers were pitted against each other, the Republicans possessing, however, the advantage of having the electoral machinery of the disputed States in the hands of their own friends and having the Administration on their side. Con-

sequently the attempts of the Democrats to meet fraud with fraud by purchasing their one needed vote in Oregon were clumsy and unfortunate, and it was characteristic and comic that when both parties began to enquire into each other's operations after Congress met, Chandler and Tilden were heartily glad to drop the whole matter by common consent. Where Chandler was mistaken was in supposing that Tilden would dismiss the electoral contest from his mind and prepare to pass the evening of his days in a private station. The fact was that Tilden probably began on the very day he retired from the struggle with Hayes to seek for compensation in the struggle of 1880. He has achieved a certain success thus far, owing to an unlooked-for combination of circumstances. That the Republican managers were able to play their game without losing their hold on the conscience of the better element of their own party at the North was due to the ease with which, owing to the Ku-klux traditions of the South, they persuaded the people that the Southern Republican canvassers—the Wellses, Andersons, McLins, Dennises, and the like—were ardent patriots and philanthropists who were risking their lives in defence of the Union and the negroes. The failure of the Administration to satisfy these men—a failure due largely to its very goodness—has set them to "confessing" their own frauds, thus furnishing the Democrats both with an incentive and an excuse for investigating. Since we last wrote on this subject another of them, Anderson, the Supervisor of Registration in East Feliciana, who appears to be a consummate scoundrel, has been avowing knowledge of prodigious frauds at the last election. Probably he lies, like McLin and Dennis, but the effect of the revelation that it was rascals of this sort who did the figuring for the returns to which Mr. Hayes owed his election, is not pleasant.

Even these disclosures, however, disagreeable and shameful as they are, would probably have produced little effect if Mr. Hayes had retained his hold on the Republican party. That this would be a difficult task was plain from the outset, because both his nomination and the platform on which he was nominated were an open repudiation of the influences which had dominated in the party management under General Grant. To the enemies thus arrayed against him in the beginning others were added by his Southern policy, which of course those who fought Tilden on the "bloody shirt" issue could hardly swallow, and which roused the whole carpet-bag interest into fury. There was only one way of meeting this, and that was a thorough-going appeal to the sympathies and judgment of the reform element in the party; but this he failed to make, by a series of omissions and mistakes which it is now needless to recall. It is not surprising, therefore, under these circumstances, that a large proportion of the Republicans who are openly opposing the investigation at Washington are secretly hoping for its success, and would not be sorry if it did end in dispossessing Mr. Hayes. This is so notorious now that it is not any longer denied, and it sheds a curious light on the shouts of "new rebellion" and "revolution"! In the meantime, the appropriation bills are not passed; some Government employes are living, like those of Spain, on discounted certificates; the country is kept in a state of disquietude, and the mind of the riotous element in the population is turned away from honest industry by attacks on the army, and by continued attempts at inflation. That there will be any improvement in the situation as long as the honest and patriotic men of both parties refuse to seek salvation in any other way than through the existing party organizations, we see no prospect. The best Republicans are to this hour wasting their virtue and wrenching their consciences in trying to believe that the two Chandlers and the "visiting statesmen" were engaged in pious missionary work in Florida and Louisiana; and the best Democrats are trying manfully to persuade themselves that "inoperative frauds" do not count, and that they can save their own souls by showing that some one else is an awful sinner. If we go on as we are now, each candidate at the election of 1880 will be run on the other's badness—a phenomenon which we came very near witnessing in 1876. The plan of campaign which both parties have traced for the present year points strongly in that direction.

THE UNEMPLOYED RICH.

THERE is probably no condition of English social life stronger than that which associates gentility with idleness, or, at all events, with the absence of any fixed duties. We remember reading some years ago in an English manual of etiquette, intended for persons in good society, a solemn warning against walking fast in the street, on the ground that it would lead people to take you for a "business man"—that is, for a man with work to do or engagements to keep. It is not very long, too, since a witness in an English court turned savagely on the counsel who was examining him because he asked him "what his business was," telling him "he had no business, that he was a gentleman." It goes hard with a boy at the more aristocratic English public schools to acknowledge that his father does anything to make money, as hard as it went once with an American boy whom we knew to confess to his fellows that his father did nothing. In a "symposium" which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* the other day on the comparative value of the opinions of the upper classes and the working classes respectively, one of the contributors pointed out that the upper classes were not likely to have sound political opinions because they did nothing to qualify themselves to form any, being engaged mainly in "amusing themselves and each other"—or, in other words, having no serious occupation. And there is no question that the class whose members devote themselves to amusing themselves and each other is now very large in England and grows larger. The vast mass of accumulated wealth which the country owns enables a very large body of persons to live on the interest of the money without care or anxiety or exertion, and to pass their days in inventing pleasures and enjoying them and getting other persons similarly situated to share them. They amuse themselves in the city with society, in the country with field sports, abroad with travel from place to place. The men are thoroughly acquainted with the things which make for amusement—horses, dogs, sporting firearms, the habits and habitat of game, yachts and yachting, the rules of betting, the conditions of good eating, the peculiarities of good wine, the history and characteristics of the most prominent persons and families in the world of pleasure. The women, too, are becoming, more and more, pale reflections of the men. They share in their sports so far as they can, and when they cannot do so they watch the men at theirs as the next best thing, so that a rather brusque and plainspoken *camaraderie* has, it is said, taken the place in the relations of the sexes of the old deference and assumption of women's mingled helplessness and ignorance.

The class is, however, strange as it may seem, of comparatively recent growth. Down to the beginning of the present century in England the wealthy class was essentially an officeholding and, therefore, a working class. It was almost altogether a land-holding class. The head of it was a landed proprietor with duties which kept him pretty steadily occupied. He had the administration of his estates on his hands; he was a magistrate; he was a member of either of the Houses of Parliament, or, in other words, had regular duties which made his amusements seem legitimate relaxation. The younger male members entered the army or navy, or the church, or went to the bar, or to the Colonies in some official position. So that the work of government may fairly be said to have been done by the upper class, which very nearly resembled in this respect the Prussian aristocracy of to-day.

But since the beginning of this century the growth of commerce and manufactures has created an immense body of wealth, and thrown it into the hands of persons who literally can find nothing to do. The work of politics has, since the passage of the Reform Bill, been in a considerable degree taken away from the aristocracy properly so-called, and the offices in the civil and military service and in India have been thrown open to general competition, and offer a career within the reach of any competent person, whether he has "connections" or not. The makers of great fortunes in trade bequeath them to young people who "go in" for yachting, hunting, coaching, pigeon-shooting, and make these things the business of their lives. The boys look forward to being masters of hounds as their highest ambition, and the girls to marrying masters of hounds and having all the other good things which go with this position. The growth of this class has been stimulated in England by the facility with which matrimonial alliances are contracted between blood and money, a facility which does not exist in Germany; and in France the law of distribution makes the transmission of great fortunes even to one generation difficult. Moreover, the rich French, not being fond of out-door amusements, attract much less attention than the rich English. They do not hunt, or yacht, or coach, or shoot pigeons to any great extent. They prefer the indoor luxuries—good cookery, rich furni-

ture, bric-a-brac, and household ornaments. They take their exercise, when they take any exercise, in a *salle d'armes*, and are more expert with the small sword than with any other weapon. Their horsemanship is essentially the horsemanship of parade, and needs a promenade and plenty of spectators to be really enjoyed. The "chasse" in France is in reality a promenade, and owes much of its pleasure to the costumes. So that it cannot be said that the pleasures of the rich in that country are conspicuous, and they are mostly confined to the capital. In the United States, in two or three of the great cities, there has been within the last twenty years a perceptible beginning of the growth of a wealthy class of much the same kind as that in England, and owing to very similar causes—the transmission of great fortunes to men who can find outside of the business of money-making no attractive field for their energies. They are shut out by a variety of causes from a share in the work of government, and they take to amusement, and find that amusement, as pursued nowadays, is really a business needing considerable capital and some power of organization, and fully capable of filling up the time. The growth of this class has attracted but little attention here, because its members are apt to spend a great deal of their time in Europe, where the materials for their pursuits exist in greater plenty, and they have more congenial society. But they have become in all countries a sufficiently conspicuous phenomenon to form an element in the "labor problem" by stimulating the delusions about capital and capitalists which form the basis both of theoretical communism and of simple working-class discontent.

After one has exploded all the fallacies with which the socialist's head is filled about the functions of the capitalist, and has shown the important part he plays in finding work for labor to do, one is met more and more by the question, What is the use of the rich who do nothing but amuse themselves, who serve the community in no way whatever; who neither fight, nor administer, nor teach, nor produce, nor do anything but draw on the products of the general labor, and make ducks and drakes of it—that is, spend it in gratifying the whims, caprices, and longings of men and women who make self-indulgence the main object of their lives; or, in other words, practise none of the virtues which we preach to the workingman, and are exposed to but few of his temptations? They unquestionably constitute the weak point in the régime of liberty, and are on that account worth serious study. The philanthropists have long tried to deal with them by exhortations to "do good" and "live for others," but it cannot be said that this mode of solving the problem has met or is likely to meet with any great success. In the first place, a rush of the unemployed rich into charitable work would be anything but a public blessing; in fact, there is no reason to suppose that any more good would come of it, or any less evil, than came of the almsgiving of the mediæval monasteries. Philanthropy needs in our day, in order not to be mischievous, to have a good deal of the hard and cold and incredulous counting-house spirit infused into it, and needs, like commerce, to get the worth of its money—that is, it is well settled that it is mischievous to be charitable to anybody who will make no return in the shape of efforts of his own to improve his own condition; and to secure this needs the system, and the persistence, which the merchant puts into the business of buying and selling. So, also, the conduct of a charitable institution does not differ essentially from the conduct of a mercantile institution. It needs the same prudence, method, and attention to details, and it is, therefore, not in the least surprising that nearly all the charitable work of the world is done by serious people who have plenty of work of their own besides. The fact furnishes a ready explanation, too, of the oft-repeated paradox, that it is the busy who usually have time to attend to other concerns than their own. Asking men of pleasure, therefore, to charge themselves with the care of the unfortunate of the world is much like asking them to go into business—or, in other words, to do violence to all their tastes and to form totally new habits. Now and then these appeals are successful, but for the most part the idle rich prefer to relieve distress with a bank-check to relieving it in any other way, and the very same causes which prevent their opening a store prevent their taking charge of a hospital or almshouse. It has to be taken into account that, as a general rule, the habit of work has to be acquired in working for some loved and desired result. The men who render the best unpaid service to the public are men who have been broken to harness in laboring for the rewards by which human nature is most influenced—wealth, or fame, or power; and a man who has never tasted the sweets of this kind of toil does not take readily to toil which holds out no promise of them whatever.

The place in which men of fortune and leisure could be most readily

turned to account is the public service, if the public service brought, as it does in some countries, social consideration: for its pecuniary returns could not tempt them. In the absence of this, the spectacle of their idleness must be treated as one of the severer tests of the régime of freedom. The busy people must put up with them, for the simple reason—which ought to be explained to every child in school—that there is no legal way of getting rid of them which would not do untold harm for the smallest perceptible good. We should have to begin by meddling with every hard-working man's disposal of the fruits of his toil or sagacity. We should have to insist either that it should never exceed a certain amount, or that he should spend it all in his lifetime, or that he should have no testamentary power over it after his death. Any country which undertook this would either ensure the emigration of its most enterprising men or the transfer of the bulk of its floating capital to places where people were allowed to do as they pleased with their money, or would take away from the energetic and thrifty the most powerful incentive to industry and self-restraint. But even if it succeeded in getting the money-making class to submit to the new regulations, it would have to provide a board of censors to check people's misuse of their funds, and this board, to work properly, would have to be made up of angels. No men such as the world now produces have ever been found competent to direct other people in the use they should make of their talents and opportunities, and any attempt in this direction usually ends in spoliation pure and simple. The inference that, because a man who does nothing but amuse himself is an unworthy citizen, everybody who labors is entitled to act as his spiritual director, is far from being borne out by the facts. The melancholy truth is that out of every thousand who criticise the unemployed rich there is not over one who would not imitate them if he could, or who does not labor daily through sheer necessity, and whose soul's health is not promoted by being prevented both by law and usage from interfering with them. So that probably the very wisest thing for the community to do about them is what this community does, viz., put effective legal difficulties in the way of the prolonged retention of great fortunes in a few hands, and heap honor and respect on the men who, though placed without any endeavor on their own part in possession of all that money can give, still keep alive within them in its noblest form the love of laborious days.

Correspondence.

DUTY OF THE RICH AND EDUCATED CLASSES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your able editorial on the "Sources of Communism" (*Nation*, May 16) omits from the enumeration, as it seems to me, one cause which deserves recognition among those brought forward by you. You speak of "that great fact of sociology—perhaps the greatest of all—that the earth, do what we will with it, will probably never afford much more than a subsistence to the great mass of mankind—that is, plain food and plain clothing. The race, by ceaseless toil and endeavor, throws some of its members up above want or anxiety about daily bread, and gives a few leisure to keep its records and add to the stores of its knowledge, but they are only a handful after all."

Now, if you are right in this statement, as I believe, this "great fact" should be best known to and understood by that "handful" who, thrown up "above want or anxiety about daily bread," have leisure to secure the education indispensable to a right comprehension of social problems. Practically, is it this "handful" which furnishes to any considerable extent those who "keep the world's records and add to the stores of its knowledge"? How many men or women who have risen to eminence in art, science, or literature have done so unencumbered by pecuniary anxiety, and unstimulated by pecuniary need? Two great writers of our time, George Eliot and George Sand, wrote in the beginning simply to make money, and their genius might have been lost to us if they had been above the pressure of want and anxiety. It would be easy to multiply instances; in fact, the instances seem to me few and far between in which serious work has been done in any department, except statesmanship and philanthropy, by those whom fortune has placed above the need of maintaining themselves by their own exertions.

However this may be, there can be no question that the "ceaseless toil and endeavor" of the race throws up not only those whose leisure is reasonably employed in the service of society, but a class of ladies and gentlemen who claim immunity from this great law of labor which weighs so sternly and immutably upon humanity at large, and whose

right to a life—not of selected occupation, but of idle and aimless luxury—is recognized by society. Another class thrown up to the surface consists of the Jay Goulds, the Vanderbilts, the Jim Fisks—the clever, successful, unscrupulous wielders of power over their fellow-men—and these, as conspicuous employers of labor, are constantly present to the imagination of the workingman, which has only a remote and shadowy conception of the more useful working members of the privileged class—the Theodore Roosevelts and others. Is not the presence of these two classes—the idle and the unscrupulous—in the front rank of society a perpetual and not unnatural source of irritation to the workingman, who feels the inequality without education and foresight to enable him to realize the difficulty of redress, the dangers of anarchy, and the importance for right social progress of that provisional maintenance of the *status quo* which we call government? And is it not the part of the educated classes to recognize this law of labor as binding upon them also, and to see to it that they render to society such service as can be most effectually rendered by men and women of education, and relieved from the immediate pressure of "want or anxiety about daily bread"?

A. P. H.

MAY 20, 1878.

AMERICAN WOMEN ABROAD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the letter of your Paris correspondent in the *Nation* of April 18, I find my countrywomen arraigned on two capital charges, from which "no amount of conscious rectitude" can avail to deliver them. The charges are: venturing abroad alone, and living in a foreign capital "with no visible means of support." The jury is composed of a class of Frenchmen "who are accustomed to draw certain inferences from certain appearances." No doubt ready material for such a jury could be found among the gentlemen of the Paris "Jockey Club," who are accustomed to observe feminine "appearances," and who would feel no scruple at proving "certain inferences" correct. Let me recall the indictment in full:

"One meets single ladies who have come to study for prima donnas or for 'general culture' with no visible means of support; married ladies without their husbands (many American families, like their mercantile houses, having branches on this side); widows of the class called *veuves pericolante* in Italy, sometimes alone, sometimes with a daughter pretty, dresy, not bashful, *qui s'habille et babille*; and young girls travelling together without chaperonage or duennage, *sans peur* and all, of course, *sans reproche*; but no amount of conscious rectitude will get them the respect of people who are accustomed to draw certain inferences from certain appearances."

I find it hard to believe that the writer intended the indelicate innuendo which these closing words direct to all American ladies who travel or live in Europe without some recognized guardian or protector; but in chasing after the burlesque his pen ran a little close upon the limit which separates satire from slander. By generalizing exceptional behavior, which Americans are no less prompt than foreigners to condemn, he has cast an unworthy suspicion upon multitudes of American women in Europe; and by endorsing the prejudiced and unscrupulous gossip of a class as the tone of society, he has given a picture of society in Paris which may well disquiet in America those who have female relatives or friends in the French capital.

No doubt, years ago, European society was scandalized by the irruption of American manners upon the Continent, and especially by the free and independent ways of American women. A society in which the tutelage of woman is a lingering remnant of old-time servility, and a surveillance of suspicion begets deception and infidelity, would naturally misconstrue the unconscious freedom of the American girl, prompted by her "conscious rectitude." But those days of misconception and prejudice are passing away. Of course there are in Europe American women whose ways are still a puzzle to society, whether foreign or American; and there are some who discredit their sex by their effrontery, and are more of a nuisance than a puzzle. For obvious reasons these will be found chiefly in Paris. But here in Germany it is well understood in the best circles that the personal independence to which the American girl is trained puts her above the suspicion of evil and protects her from insult. This habit even commands the respect of society. Such a woman comes to study music or art. She goes quietly about her business, lives decently, pays her bills punctually, and yet she has "no visible means of support." May I venture here to lift the veil? Perhaps her means are the savings of years of toil; perhaps a loan, for which she has insured her life, or which a friend has advanced upon faith in her talents; perhaps a small purse delicately pro-

videl by a circle of friends who prefer to be unknown; perhaps she is seeking in art a refuge from domestic griefs that cannot be spoken, and a means of supporting children whose father is faithless or incompetent; perhaps she is living upon her father's purse with a worthy purpose to qualify herself for usefulness and independence; perhaps she is seeking by self-sacrifice to repair the losses of her father's fortune. But just what are her means of support is no concern of mine; my presumption should be that she is deserving of respect. If she is misjudged by "people who are accustomed to draw certain inferences from certain appearances," such are not the people whose "respect" she requires; nor is theirs a habit of mind which entitles them to her respect. I am happy to testify that in this German capital such women do "get the respect" of the best people—of those who judge "by appearances" that such industry, modesty, fidelity, talent, zeal, womanliness, indicate a lady worthy of confidence, whether her means of support be visible or invisible, from things present or things to come. And I am proud to feel that it is the honorable office of an American gentleman to do what he can to shield these countrywomen from infelicitous circumstances or adverse criticism, and to cheer and encourage them in their work.

As to young ladies who have already taken a place in society at home, why should they not travel abroad as freely as young men, whether for study, pleasure, or "general culture"? Can any one surmise or suggest a reason against this which does not imply dishonor in the objector? Certainly ladies can thus travel in Germany with entire safety and propriety, without "chaperonage or duennage." Nor are these so much needed in society as some imagine. Years of observation have led me to say to my countrywomen: If you aspire to "high society," the presumption is that you will never gain access to it, and you may make yourself ridiculous by the attempt. If you wish to move in really good society, you can enter this just as you would at home, and just as any foreigner must do in New York, by being well introduced and by conforming to the rules of etiquette. But if your object is not society but study and improvement, go quietly about your own affairs, live modestly and naturally, as you would at home; by and by you will discover that you are not only respected but admired; society will court you, for the best people have too much sense and experience to exact of foreigners a servile conformity to their habits and ideas, and you can afford to despise the self-convicted critics "who are accustomed to draw certain inferences from certain appearances."

J. P. T.

BERLIN, May 6, 1878

Notes.

FROM F. Gutekunst, Philadelphia, we have received a speaking likeness of the late Professor Henry, imperial size, executed in the admirable style which always distinguishes the work of this photographer. —The American Association for the Advancement of Science will begin the sessions of its twenty-seventh meeting at St. Louis on August 21. Prof. O. C. Marsh will preside. Chancellor W. G. Eliot is Chairman, and Prof. John K. Rees Secretary, of the local Committee. Mr. F. W. Putnam, the Permanent Secretary, may be addressed at Salem till August 14. —The Worshipful Company of Fan-Makers are to hold a competitive exhibition in the hall of one of the City Livery Companies in London some time in June. The exhibition will be divided into five classes: Ancient and Modern European Fans, Exotic Fans, Modern Fans of British Manufacture, and Miscellaneous Fans. Manufacturers, amateurs, collectors, and dealers are invited to contribute. Either sticks or mounts may be exhibited singly. Prices may be affixed and all fans will be insured during the exhibition. The prizes will consist of gold, silver, and bronze medals, bearing the arms of the Fan-Makers' Company and a suitable inscription. They will also include the freedom of the company and an engraved diploma. The Hon. Secretary is Mr. James Curtis, 12 Old Jewry Chambers, E. C. —Still another Summer School, of which the variety is now very considerable, is announced to open July 15, for five weeks, at Vineyard Grove, Martha's Vineyard. Literature, art, science, and the modern languages, and even phonography, are included in the Institute's course. Information may be obtained of Col. Homer B. Sprague, Hotel Berwick, Boston. —The European maps of Zell's 'Descriptive Hand-Atlas of the World' have been bound separately, together with their several indexes, with a flexible cover, and now form a convenient roll known as the 'Tourist's Atlas of Europe' (Philadelphia: T. Ellwood Zell, Davis & Co.) The same house are the American agents of W. H. Smith & Son's (London) War Map, showing the new boundaries

in Eastern Europe and Asia in accordance with the Treaty of San Stefano. The compass of this map, from Bordeaux to the Caspian and from Moscow to Crete and Tunis, ensures its usefulness during the approaching complications whether of Congress or of war. —Mr. Lawrence B. Thomas, 54 McCulloh Street, Baltimore, sends us a curiosity of literature: 'Autograph Poems: I. The Martyrs,' consisting of eight four-line stanzas filling two pages of note-paper, and a frontispiece by no means badly drawn after S. J. Pinwell. Text and illustration are executed by the papyrograph process, and the printer has been employed only for the outer title. The binding of these three leaves and two detached covers is effected by a silk lacing through eyelets. This is only the beginning of Mr. Thomas's undertaking to be his own publisher. Typographers and librarians will do well to take notice of so alarming an example. —We have received Part 1 (for May) of the illustrated *Magazine of Art* (Cassell, Petter & Galpin). It will amuse and perhaps instruct by its pictures, but it promises little to the reader who seeks in it clear doctrine about art or valuable criticism. —Much pains have been taken with the illustrations of Dr. John Savage's 'Picturesque Ireland,' of which the first part comes to us from Thomas Kelly, of this city. A map of Ireland, an illuminated and an engraved title still further enhance the attractiveness of this well-printed work. The text seems readable.

—We have before us No. 2 of the French-English *American Correspondence*, published in this city at 4 Warren Street, and also the prospectus of the "Athenæum Bureau of Literature." The *American Correspondence* resembles the European circulars which it imitates in being printed on thin paper and in its general news summary, which has two rubrics: Washington and New York. It "is intended to present, in a practical and synthetical manner, the political, financial, and commercial interests of the United States to the attention of Europe and Central and South America; and, in the way of reciprocity, to advise Americans on questions which may be to them of immediate and paramount interest in the general affairs of other countries." The timeliness of the enterprise appears to be based on somewhat speculative considerations, as that "Foreign nations, convinced of a bright political future for America as the consequence of the tranquillity prevailing at Washington [in the White House?], are also confident in the moral and financial responsibility of the people and corporations of the land." The "Athenæum Bureau" has its "Home Office" at 233 Broadway, and is conducted by Willett J. Hyatt, Manager, and H. R. Waite, Ph.D., and Wm. C. Conant, Editorial Directors. It "aims to afford authors, not only professionals but also amateurs and beginners, a long-felt want, namely: a medium through which they may secure the market value of their productions, without incurring the expense or annoyance of becoming their own auctioneers." This is not all, however, for it undertakes to place the MSS. of amateurs and young authors "to the best advantage, irrespective of pecuniary compensation [to said amateurs]." We suspect this will be the heaviest part of the business of the Bureau. In dealing with foreign authors the Bureau expects to furnish them "the practical immunity and security of an international copyright law with the United States" in the following manner:

"A foreign author placing a copy of his MS. with the Bureau, before submitting it to his home publisher, may, upon special arrangement with the Bureau to that effect, sell the American right to publish, upon terms equally as favorable to himself as could be secured were he a citizen of this country. This secures the author's right to fix his own price upon his own work, to exact a royalty upon every copy sold in the United States, and to publish under copyright in his own country."

This has a pleasant sound, but whether such contracts are made directly (and there is nothing to hinder them now) or through the good offices of the Bureau, the "pirate" seems to remain the master of the situation.

—A class not affected by hard times is appealed to in the announcement by Smith, Elder & Co. of a sumptuous illustrated edition of Thackeray's works in twenty-four volumes, imperial 8vo. The publication will be at the rate of two volumes a month, beginning October 1, and only a thousand sets will be printed for sale. Subscriptions must be made through booksellers. All the illustrations will be printed on real China paper, and mounted either on plate-paper or with the letter-press. Quite otherwise is it with the complete edition of Tennyson's works just published by C. Kegan Paul & Co., which is confined to one volume, crown 8vo, of 700 pages, and sells for six shillings. The same publishers are about to issue 'An Inland Voyage,' by R. Louis Stevenson, the author of many acceptable tales and essays in the *Cornhill*, who here tells of canoeing in the canals and rivers of Flanders and Northern France; and they have also, says the *Academy*, brought out a new and revised

edition of General Halleck's 'International Law,' with the addition of an index, notes and cases, and the text of official documents of various countries. The following announcements we take from the last *Bookseller*: 'Carthage and the Carthaginians,' in two volumes, with maps and plans, by R. Bosworth Smith; 'Journal of a Tour in Morocco,' by Sir J. D. Hooker and John Ball; the first two volumes of a 'History of England, from the Conclusion of the Great War in 1815,' by Spencer Walpole; a translation of Moritz Thausing's 'New Life of Albert Dürer'; 'A Descriptive Catalogue of the Etching Work of Rembrandt,' by Rev. Charles Henry Middleton; lectures by the late Sir G. Gilbert Scott on 'The Rise and Development of Mediæval Architecture'; a 'History of Egypt, from the Earliest Period,' derived from monuments and inscriptions, by Dr. Brugsch, of Göttingen; and 'A Glossary of Peculiar Anglo-Indian Colloquial Words and Phrases, Etymological, Historical, and Geographical,' by Col. Henry Yule. The *Athenæum* states that the Council of the Camden Society holds out a prospect of the early publication of the General Index of the first series of the Society's publications; and that Mr. Henry Stevens has finished his catalogue of American books in the British Museum up to 1857 (only a portion, we suppose, of the total 75,000 which Mr. Stevens mentions elsewhere incidentally in the same paper). This last is an enterprise which co-operative card-cataloguing ought to make superfluous hereafter.

—Mr. Stevens gives in the *Athenæum* of May 11 a lucid account of the embarrassment caused to the International Postal Union by the attempt in this country to bring the book-post under the surveillance of the customs authorities. In the absence of any treaty the foreign sender could have no redress for this application of municipal law; but having entered into a common agreement with other nations to receive and deliver free, without further charges, the usual categories of mail matter, the issue between a treaty and a statute comes up anew for us. No doubt we must allow in the end that the principle we insisted on when demanding the extradition of Winslow holds good here, namely, that the treaty takes precedence of the statute. Mr. Stevens says, "It is historically certain that hitherto, whenever a Federal law has been found in conflict with a treaty, Congress has never yet failed to provide a remedy, in all cases leaving the treaty to stand"; and he thinks that the United States will in the present instance adhere to the Postal Union in spite of the pressure of the "republicans"—the parties most interested in keeping out of the mails books less than twenty years old. "They might be reminded," he forcibly adds, "that these mail packages are no more fraud on the revenue than their own reprints. The Government derives no customs revenue from the reprints, and it is believed that most of the books by mail would not be sent at all if the mails were closed." The book-post, moreover, is a source of profit to the Government and to the ocean carriers; and finally there is the absurdity of a Government based, as ours professes to be, on general intelligence, checking the free exchange of books on a pretext which no European government has deigned to use, although similar grounds for it exist. Meantime, packages of books are being constantly returned to England, marked "liable to duty," though the rule is very irregularly and arbitrarily enforced. We know of a case in which seventeen copies out of twenty-five of the same book, despatched in the same mail, reached their destination in this country, while the remainder were turned back as being dutiable. Even newspaper packages have been rejected.

—The timely article in *Harper's* for June is Mr. Lossing's "Battle of Monmouth Court-house," copiously illustrated; for that battle, which ought to have been a brilliant victory for the American arms and shortened the struggle with the mother country, was fought at the end of June, 1778. General Charles Lee's responsibility for the fiasco is unsparingly denounced by Mr. Lossing, but he does "not care to repeat" Washington's passionate words to his faithless subordinate on that memorably hot Sunday. There is also a seasonableness about Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin's "Along the South Shore" (*i.e.*, of Massachusetts Bay), a chapter, we believe, of a work soon to be published concerning the whole of a variously charming coast. What with Mr. Benjamin and Mr. Drake and Mr. Nordhoff and Curtis and Thoreau, and numerous magazine monographs, and the poets Longfellow and Whittier, the Atlantic seaboard from Eastport to Cape May now reckons a literature which would fill a small library if brought together, and, if fitly edited, would be a monument of enduring value. The ceramic art finds in this number a votary, Mr. Wirt Sikes, whose theme is Dutch faience, plentifully illustrated with designs. Sculpture, on the other hand, is the subject of some practical discourse (at second-hand) from Mr. J. Q. A. Ward, of whom a very

spirited likeness deserves notice, if only because woodcut portraiture is so imperfectly cultivated in this country. Prof. Newcomb's "Manufactured Comet" is a singular narrative of fraud in a field where one would least expect it. The article on "Russian Literature" is well meant, but one cannot go very far in it trustingly after being told at the outset that "the groundwork of the Russian speech and character is Greek." Such spellings as Derschawin and Kostrow suggest that the writer followed a German authority; but this idea is negatived by the constant reclamations against German influence on Russia, though Catharine is praised without a hint of her nationality. This bias and the frequent use of French phrases indicate a French authority; but then we come upon the Italian orthography in Gincovschi, and our doubts begin again. We lack space to point out the writer's errors of fact and judgment, which are only too abundant.

—The proprietors of *Blackwood*, issuing a new series of tales from that periodical, in neatly-printed little shilling volumes, have opened the list with that clever little story which a few months since was the occasion of a good deal of amusement and conjecture—"The Tender Recollections of Irene Macgillicuddy"—and which has been reprinted here by the Harpers in their "Half-Hour Series." Conjecture, as we say, was lively as to the authorship of this slightly audacious *jeu d'esprit*, and at last, after indulging in a good many fanciful guesses, has attributed the thing, without contradiction, we believe, to Mr. Laurence Oliphant. It is worth noticing as an attempt, which has evidently made a hit, to portray from a foreign point of view the manners of New York. Such attempts had already, in two or three cases, been made, but the authors had not that intimate acquaintance with the subject on which telling satire needs to rest. The author of 'Irene Macgillicuddy,' on the other hand, is evidently versed to a considerable degree in the mysteries of Fifth Avenue. He might, we think, have made a good deal more skilful use of his knowledge; but it is interesting to notice what it is that has struck him as the leading characteristics of the society which chiefly congregates in that expensive quarter. The freedom and the "smartness" of the young ladies, and the part played by married men of a certain age in bringing them out, guiding their first steps in society, presiding at their début in the "German," entertaining them at evening repasts at Delmonico's—these points had been already more or less successfully touched upon. But the great feature of New York fashion, as represented in the little satire in *Blackwood*, is the eagerness and energy displayed by marriageable maidens in what is vulgarly called "hooking" a member of the English aristocracy. The desire to connect itself by matrimony with the British nobility would seem to be, in the author's eyes, the leading characteristic of the New York "great world." A corresponding desire on the part of the British aristocracy not to become so connected, appears to complete the picture. It is interesting to know how we strike the intelligent foreign observer; so much may be said, without examining the details of the picture. It has been affirmed hitherto that it is next to impossible to write novels about American society on account of the absence of "types." But it appears that there is an element in our population that has attained to the typic dignity—the class of young ladies whose chief object in life is to capture an English "swell." "Irene Macgillicuddy" is rather disappointing; it falls off sadly during the last half, and there is something rather arbitrary, rather *manqué*, as the French say, in the manner in which the author has finally disposed of his heroine. His story suggests this reflection, however, that it is possible, after all, to write tales of "American society." We are reminded that there are types—that there is a good deal of local color—that there is a considerable field for satire. Only, why should it be left to the cold and unsympathetic stranger to deal with these things? Why does not native talent take them up—anticipate the sneers of foreign irony, take the wind from its sails and show us, with the force of real familiarity, both the good and the evil that are to be found in Fifth Avenue and on Murray Hill? Are we then so dependent upon foreign labor that it must be left to the English to write even our "society stories"?

—Of Lord Beaconsfield's swelling phrase, the "diapason of our policy," "Jingo" remarks in *Punch* that "a music-hall metaphor is the very thing to describe a music-hall policy." In the same issue, April 27, this diapason is "described with all reserve" in a couple of stanzas borrowed without acknowledgment and altered (in disregard of all reserved rights) from Longfellow's "Arsenal at Springfield." *Punch* is doing honorable and unusual service in holding back the British Lion at this critical juncture, and any poet might be glad to be quoted by him in furtherance of

so good a cause. But it is hard to see why the old jester did not find the original as apt to his purpose as this shockingly ungrammatical parody, in which we have italicized the substitutions:

"The tumult of sacked town and burning village,
The rush and roar that prayer for mercy drowns,
The soldiers' revel rout, mid blood and pillage,
The wail of starving folk in leaguered towns—

"The hursting shell, the houses rent asunder,
The galling rifle fire, the clashing blade—
And, ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The Diapason of the cannonade!"

—The Atlantic cable has never since it was laid been used for an odder purpose than telegraphing Mr. Anthony J. Froude's opinion that "the will of God has no longer a place, even by courtesy, in the statutes" of modern nations, that even "the bishops do not believe what they profess," but that the message of science "is not the last or the highest," and that there will be by and by a new religion adapted to the wants of society. Mr. Froude's opinions on this subject are as valuable as his opinions about Flogging Fitzgerald and Henry the Eighth, and for these the ordinary mails were held to be an adequate medium of transmission.

—The fourth volume of the *Italia* (Leipzig, 1877) is fully on a level with the previous numbers which have been noticed in the *Nation* from time to time. The object of this periodical, our readers will remember, is to make the Germans better acquainted with Italian affairs, and no one who peruses the present volume will deny that this object is honestly and frankly carried out. The lighter articles, if so we may term them, are: "The Musical Conditions of Italy," by Hans Dütschke; "Modern Italian Lyrical Poets," by Günther von Freiburg; and metrical translations. The first article depicts a gloomy state of things; there is no music in Italy but opera music, which, being written to please the popular taste, is on a very low plane. The number of operas produced is appalling, and the mode of performance and behavior of the audience are severely criticised by the writer. The memory of the great Italian composers of the last two centuries is forgotten because the people have lost their taste for all music that does not, like the opera, please the eye as well as the ear. In the second article the writer, after a review of the lyrical poets before 1860, especially Giusti and Leopardi (the former very unjustly, according to the writer, compared to Alfred de Musset, and the latter to Byron), examines the new school, which includes the names of Prati, Mamiani, Alceardi, Dali' Ongaro, Revere, Zandrini, Zanella, and Carducci. The last is the rising star, and according to German critics is one of the best poets since Heine. A translation of his famous ode to Satan, by Julius Schanz, was printed in the second volume of the *Italia*, where some translations of Zandrini's lyrics have also appeared. The metrical translations in the present number comprise the combat with the Orea, from the eighth canto of Ariosto's "Orlando," translated by O. Gildemeister, and an Italian version of Klaus Groth's *plattdeutsch* poem "Sunday Morning," by Teza, who also translates equally well four extracts from Heine's "Nordsee."

—The heavier articles, in the order of their insertion, are the following: "What Foreigners do not notice in Italy," by P. Villari, who reviews briefly, but incisively, the social, political, literary, and religious questions of the day, and touches the root of all difficulties when he says that in Germany the religious and literary revolution preceded the political; in Italy the reverse is the case. "The Cession of the Villa Medici in Rome to France," by F. Hüffer, is an instance of French rapacity in the days when the Venus de' Medici was fruitlessly shipped to Sicily to keep her from falling into the hands of the first Napoleon, who wished, it is said, to marry her to the Apollo Belvedere, who had already found his way to Paris with other objects of Italian art. "The Gymnasium System in Italy," by R. Bonghi, former Minister of Public Instruction, gives a detailed account of the Italian schools leading to the universities, their organization, selection of professors, examinations, plan of study, etc. The chief evil in the system seems to be a want of uniformity in the whole kingdom; but also the religious stand of the Government has resulted in the competition of the schools under the charge of religious bodies with those of the state, in which the former are successful, at least so far as numbers are concerned. "The Italian Judiciary," by O. Luchini, shows that the system, like so much else in Italy, is the result of temporary and hasty organization, and consequently incomplete and defective. "The Italian Finances," by T. P. Maurogónato, should be read in connection with Fontanelli's article in the first volume on the circulation of paper money in Italy. It is interesting to see how a country which a few years ago had an annual deficit of nearly a hundred million dollars, to-day maintains an equilibrium in her balance. It is,

however, accomplished by means of a ruinous system of taxation. The reader will be astounded to learn that the Budget for 1877 called for over two hundred and seventy millions of dollars. The writer shows in detail how this immense sum is raised, and for what it is disbursed, and suggests some much-needed reforms. "The Religious Question in Italy" contains an examination of the various attempts that have been made within and without the church to reconcile it with the state, and shows how they have all necessarily failed. The writer gives an interesting account of the National Church movement (corresponding to the Old Catholics of Germany), which has not yet accomplished much, and of the Waldensian Church, which has, and is doing more every year. Enough has been said to show the unusually solid and valuable character of the present number of the *Italia*, the publishers of which announce that a new volume will hereafter appear every autumn.

THE NEW REPUBLIC.*

IN order to attempt any criticism of Mr. Mallock's book it is necessary to give a slight résumé at the outset of its very clever and original plan of construction. It consists, then, of a series of conversations carried on by a number of ladies and gentlemen who meet toward the end of a dusty July to pass a quiet Sunday in the sea-side country-house of Mr. Otho Lawrence. This retreat is described as the work of Lawrence's uncle, a man of wealth and good birth, a skeptic, a cynic, and a loose liver, who has left to his nephew his beautiful villa and two volumes of reflections on various subjects, some of which will not bear loud reading. In the middle of the estate is the tomb of this singular man, left by his express directions to be carefully neglected by his heir, the rusty gate and weather-stained portico being designed to give a posthumous evidence of the justness of his evil theories as to the impermanence of human affection and gratitude. The nephew has inherited to a certain degree his uncle's skepticism, but not his cynicism. He is in the condition of mind which the author by implication attributes to the great body of the Protestant world, that of unquiet doubt, of a longing for something that is not found, but constantly yearned after. Otho Lawrence is fond of speculation, and having got a number of friends to his house, determines that their time shall be improved by a rational discussion of those topics which "society" habitually avoids, and which are yet of the deepest concern to every member of it.

His friends are no ordinary visitors. We have seen a "key" giving the real names of the *dramatis personæ*; but there are only a few of them who are well known on this side of the water. There is the celebrated Dr. Jenkinson, representing the Broad Church; Mr. Storks of the Royal Society, "great on the physical basis of life and the imaginative basis of God" (Mr. Tyndall); Mr. Luke, "the great critic and apostle of culture" (Matthew Arnold); Mr. Rose, the pre-Raphaelite (Swinburne or Rossetti), who always speaks in an undertone, and whose "two topics are self-indulgence and art"; Mr. Saunders from Oxford, "supposed to be very clever and advanced"; and Mr. Herbert, the only man in these days for whom Otho Lawrence feels a real reverence, almost the only one of the teachers of this generation who, to him, seems to speak "with the least breath of inspiration" (Ruskin). Then there is Miss Merton, a Roman Catholic convert, and Lady Ambrose, a woman "of a very old but poor family, who has married a modern M. P. with more than a million of money," and who has "lovely large grey eyes," and is "very particular about knowing the right people."

The party being assembled, it is arranged by the host that the conversation at dinner shall be devoted to certain subjects chosen beforehand and inscribed in courses on the *menu*. The "Aim of Life" comes on with the soup; "Town and Country" with the fish; then "Society," "Art and Literature," and so on; "The Present" as a *pièce de résistance*; and finally, with the *entremets*, "The Future." By this simple device (which has received an amount of critical approval and admiration so disproportioned to its merits as to cast in the shade the extraordinary cleverness of other parts of the book) a modern *symposium* is set agoing, and the various philosophical systems of the guests are unfolded. And here, in the vivid parodies, or rather almost reproductions—for they are only slightly caricatured—of the current ways of looking at life professed by the "teachers" whom the guests represent, the great strength of the book lies. The dialogue has every charm that conversation on serious subjects, now light and now grave, carried on by people of unusual wit and command of language, can have. There is enough graceful allusion and

* The New Republic; or, Culture, Faith, and Philosophy in an English Country House. By W. H. Mallock. A new edition. New York: Scribner, Welford & Armstrong. 1878.

wit and reflection and suggestion to furnish half-a-dozen books. To prove this by quotations would be easy enough, but would really do injustice to the author, because his "good things" are not interjected here and there by main force to make a readable book, but are organic parts and members of the whole, and need the context for their full and natural effect.

The *menu* having been discussed, the *symposium* is protracted during the stay of the party, and the discussion broadens rapidly until it covers the great subject handed down by the author of the book from which Mr. Mallock has taken his title—that of the world as it ought to be. It is here, of course, that there is the greatest play for real satire. To construct an ideal society, a perfect state, is the problem Plato left unsolved. Two thousand years have rolled away since, and many civilizations and religions have arisen and perished with them. Science has been born and mastered the world, inventions have revolutionized our modes of living. Political systems of every sort have been framed for the government of men, and philosophical systems of every hue have been invented to reconcile or dissatisfy him with life. Surely, in the full glare of the high-noon of an age priding itself on its civilization and enlightenment, we ought to be able to approach the task of reconstructing the world with more chance of success than Plato. Let us make the attempt.

To begin with, as Lawrence's friend Leslie suggests, in a perfect state all the parts will be perfect, and each part will imply and involve the others. We may, therefore, take the highest class in our state, and see what that ought to be, if it were really perfect; that is, what class the highest and most refined life consists in. Mr. Rose suggests "Art"; Mr. Saunders "Reason"; but it is finally suggested by Lady Ambrose, who, it must be confessed, gives the discussion a fairer start than ever Plato did, that the first requisite of perfect society was "the absence of dull and vulgar people"—a remark which gives occasion for what is, to our mind (though not, perhaps, at first sight), one of the best things in the book, Mr. Luke's cordial exclamation of approval, "A capital exclusion with which to begin our new Republic!" Mr. Luke then proceeds to follow this idea out, and a long discussion follows on "Culture," the meaning of which much-abused word Lawrence undertakes to illustrate to the assembled company by a comparison between the "coarse, common, rustic palate" of a farmer and that of the true epicure. This image suggests to Miss Merton the natural conclusion that a man of the highest "culture" must be a sort of "emotional *bon vivant*," an idea which, instead of displeasing, delights Mr. Luke, who thanks Miss Merton for the phrase, adding that "it may remind us all how near our view of the matter is to that of a certain Galilean peasant, . . . who described the highest culture by just the same metaphor, as a hunger and thirst after righteousness." Lawrence goes on to describe "culture" as practically a general training and cultivation of all the faculties; but his "culture" is not Mr. Rose's any more than it is really Mr. Luke's. It is agreed, however, at length that the society of the New Republic is to be as highly bred and as polished and as sparkling as it can be imagined, when Lord Allen (Lord Roseberry?) observes that *his* Utopia would need "something definite for the people to do"; without this, he says that "all life" seems to him "a mockery." On this Lawrence asks him whether he is quite sure that that is not exactly what life is, when Mr. Luke comes in with a really brilliant burlesque of Matthew Arnold. To be sure, life is a mockery, he says, if you leave out "the one thing that is of real importance"—conduct, or, in other words, morality:

"It is quite true that culture is . . . the sensitizing of the mental palate—the making it a good taster. But a taster of what? Not only of social absurdities, or love affairs, or beautiful scenery, but of morality, of righteousness, of Christianity. The really profound work of culture is to make us judges of these—judges able to tell in an instant real righteousness and real Christianity from pseudo-righteousness and pseudo-Christianity, so that we may swallow the true like the healing water of life, and reject the false like a sample of bad claret."

Mr. Luke's view of the matter, however, is not at all satisfactory to Mr. Saunders, who thinks that without some definite faith the world can by no means get along. He looks forward to the general agreement of mankind on nothing more or less important than the "utter destruction" of the "supposed inscrutable difference between right and wrong," and the substitution for them of terms based on a purely utilitarian system. With Right and Wrong will go Poetry, the "treacherous hand-maid of priestcraft," and "every other evil" as well, including "reverence, faith, mysticism, humility, and all the unclean company comprised in this one word, Religion." This is too much for Mr. Stockton, who has a religion of his own, not unlike that of many other persons of the present day:

"When the awe-struck eye gazes, guided by science, through the 'dark backward and abysm of time,' and sees that all that is has unfolded itself, unmoved and unbidden (astounding thought!), from a brainless, senseless, lifeless gas—the cosmic vapor, as we call it—and that it may, for aught we know, one day return to it—I say when we realize, when we truly make our own, this stupendous truth, must not our feelings," said Mr. Stockton, letting his eyes rest on Miss Merton's, with an appealing melancholy, "—our feelings at such moments be religious? Are they not Religion?"

So the construction of the New Republic proceeds, developing at every turn fundamental and irreconcilable differences among its founders as to what the true principles of Utopian architecture should be; until after each system is unfolded and the company involved in a maze of doubt and perplexity, the whole is brought to a rude ending by a lay sermon from Mr. Herbert, who tells the company very plainly that they have not advanced the matter a step; that they are all deniers and doubters and disbelievers, and that their world is without a God. Their religion is not pure paganism, however, for they once had a true religion. He finally advises them to "seek God earnestly," on a sort of last desperate chance of finding him. This is what Mr. Herbert is doing, it appears; for he too confesses himself a doubter and a miserable man, though not yet content with his misery. He too has said in his heart there is no God, but even that he has doubted while he has said it, and calm, peaceful doubt he will never admit.

We have been able to give only the merest hint at the general drift of Mr. Mallock's book. It suggests many questions. Does it mean that after two thousand years we are no nearer the goal than Plato was, or is there in the author's own opinion some solution of the riddle? Can the world be perfected, and can we by seeking find out God? There are no positive indications of what his own belief on the various questions raised are, but the negative indications all point to a simple solution. There is one person in the book who is not satirized; she is a Roman Catholic convert. There is one faith which is not parodied; it is that of the Church of Rome. There is no system of Protestant or positive philosophy that does not come in for ridicule, but Holy Church escapes. But we are not inclined to make any inferences at all. A satirist, it seems to us, should be judged as a satirist. In the 'New Republic' Mr. Mallock has undertaken a most difficult and ambitious task: in the first place, to create a modern representative of the ancient symposium; in the second place, to lay bare the weak spots in the current fashionable philosophies of the day. He has done both with the hand of a master. It would be rash to predict what he may accomplish in other fields, but he may fairly insist that for the present he shall be judged by what he has actually accomplished.

NARJOUX'S ARCHITECTURAL NOTES.*

M. FÉLIX NARJOUX, Architecte de la Ville de Paris, is one of those ingenious Frenchmen who heretically turn their faces from the École des Beaux-Arts, that great propaganda of architectural catholicism, and with their corypheus, Viollet-le-Duc, maintain a peculiar opposition to its tenets. Several buildings in Paris and Châlon-sur-Saône, designed by M. Narjoux, are straightforward and effective, and there is a curious little villa at San Remo, near Genoa, which bears creditable testimony to his imagination. As a writer, he is known by several studies on public buildings, relating especially to the construction and fitting-up of common and primary schools. Three years ago his name appeared, as collaborator, on the title-page of a bulky volume of engravings: 'Les Habitations Modernes.' Several of the houses therein represented are described in the 'Notes de Voyage' before us, and in it there is also frequent mention of visits to kindergartens and other schools. From this the book may perhaps be held to embody observations made while gathering material for the more important works, and it would be well if such were always published in so welcome a form.

M. Narjoux, evidently intending his book for the general reader, has made it attractive by a large number of illustrations, which not only show characteristic buildings, with their furniture and ornaments, but occasionally the costumes and belongings of their inhabitants. Holland and Denmark are countries to which writers on architecture seldom devote much attention, and the present description is the more interesting on that account. The sketches are clear, and always correct in perspective, being drawn in a manner similar to that of Viollet-le-Duc. We

*Notes de Voyage d'un Architecte dans le Nord-ouest de l'Europe. Par Félix Narjoux. Paris: Morel et Cie. 1876.

Notes and Sketches of an Architect, taken during a Journey in the Northwest of Europe. Translated from the French of Félix Narjoux by John Peto. Author's edition, from advance sheets. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

have perspective sections, bird's-eye views, and diagrams of construction but little inferior to those familiar to the student of the 'Dictionnaire.' The representations of interiors and of furniture are noticeably good, and the invariable practice of accompanying the views of a building with its plans cannot be too highly commended. Yet, although we ostensibly have the contents of a sketch-book, it is to be regretted that its illustrations were redrawn with square and bow-pen before being published, for this was probably done after the writer's return to France, and must be deemed responsible not only for the loss of that immediateness and freshness peculiar to free-hand sketches, but also for numerous inaccuracies, especially the discrepancies between plans and elevations. In the drawings of the farm-houses of Northern Holland, for instance, the doors and windows are so interchanged as to render a ready understanding of the reference made by the text impossible. Then, too, the plans, though reduced to uniform scales, often show rooms with no means of access, or with no light. In consideration of the general excellence of the drawings, it seems strange that such mistakes should have gone to press; they must be attributed to that incorrigible Gallie carelessness of which M. Narjoux's text bears so decided evidence. Almost every foreign word is wrongly written—at times so much disguised as to leave a doubt as to what he really refers. Is it possible that by "la maison Presle de Nuremberg" he means the Peller'sche Haus? His dates, also, may be regarded with suspicion. The manufacture of porcelain in Berlin began in 1751, nine years before the time here stated, and Barneveldt was executed, hardly "assassinated," in 1619, not 1617.

The professional remarks of M. Narjoux on the subjects of his illustrations are almost always good, and based on the sound principles of his school. Only once does he depart from these—when he commends, on account of their lightness, those wooden imitations of vaults here and there to be seen in the Netherlands. Time has shown that the inflammability of these meretricious, or at best useless, features unfits them as substitutes for the stone ceilings they simulate. The remarks on the forms of development displayed by the dwelling-houses of different lands are particularly interesting. The sketches pertaining to the subject well show how the needs of a family are influenced by local customs and climate, and how clearly this influence is expressed in domestic architecture. It is to this that the writer's more direct attention was given; yet he has not failed to notice many churches, town-halls, hospitals, and other public buildings, as well as certain works of military engineering. The drawings, also, of various Northern antiquities lodged in the museum of Copenhagen are especially good. In short, the book is filled with hints valuable to the architect, who by it may not merely gain suggestions applicable to every-day problems, but withal quite a clear understanding of the state of building interests in the countries through which M. Narjoux has passed.

Due allowance should, however, be made for the writer's intense hatred of the conquerors of his country. The severity of his observations upon the plagiarism of German architects is entirely unwarranted. The exhibition of national feeling knows no bounds. He devotes a chapter to a fierce arraignment of Prussia for the part taken in the war of the duchies, and while giving vent to his sympathy for the Danes—those Frenchmen of the North—fondly anticipates the day when, the pressure of Prussian military despotism for an instant relaxed, the German states which are forced into that unnatural union, the Empire, will fall asunder and resume their autonomy, to the great good-fortune of France. Some of the tirades against German manners are truly slanderous. The account of the behavior of Breslau opera-goers, for example, can excite nothing but astonishment in the mind of one familiar with their habits. Ignorance of Northern tongues and usages seems unhappily to have prevented M. Narjoux from justly appreciating those he so harshly condemns.

When a professional book, not intended for consultation and not distinguished by special strength or subtlety of diction, is written in a language so well known as the French, the utility of a translation may seem doubtful. We are well aware of the fallacy of the polite supposition that everybody reads French, yet among those of sufficient literary interest to regard M. Narjoux's book as an acquisition there can be but few who would prefer to read it in this version, or can applaud its having received an honor which so many important works of reference still await. Mr. John Peto's translation, which has appeared almost simultaneously in London and Boston, is accompanied by very fair impressions of the original cuts, but the rendering of the text is at once inelegant and untrustworthy. The mechanical execution of the book,

though good, is inferior to the French edition; its reduction in size causes some of the illustrations to appear crowded. The scale of the plans is given as ".039 and .078 of an inch to the yard," in place of the more correct and customary 1 and 2 to 1,000; the destination, also, of the rooms is not well expressed. The word *office* is rendered variously as "library," "private room," "closet," and "store-room," none of which terms conveys its real signification; elsewhere *d'gagements* scarcely five feet broad are described as "sitting-rooms." The only acknowledged additions to the original are a few foot-notes, the most important of which is a misstatement. Queen Caroline Matilda died on the 10th of May, 1775, not in 1773. But the unavowed mutilation of the book by its translator is most inexcusable. Mr. Peto omits entirely, and without explanation, most important parts which perhaps fail to suit his personal taste, or do not appear sufficiently sycophantic. The following passage is thus ignored—it should be inserted on page 281 of the version:

"Mr. Scott is the architect of the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park; it is he who conceived the idea, to say the least whimsical, of raising a Gothic monument to a prince his contemporary. This monument, moreover, is so loaded with details, so covered with ornaments of every kind, with embossed, indented, painted, and gilded carvings, that it seems a reliquary, only fit to be kept under glass, and by no means a construction which, in order to perpetuate the memory of him to whom it is dedicated, should withstand the inclemency of seasons and of centuries."

Some understanding of the faithlessness of the version and of the liberty Mr. Peto has allowed himself in emasculating and perverting the original may be gained from a comparison of the following paragraphs, supposed to be parallel:

"Tout cela [l'appareil de l'église Saint-Nicolas] est bien construit, bien combiné; mais, comme il arrive presque toujours en pareil cas, ce monument est la charge plutôt que la copie de celui qui a été pris pour modèle. Puis quand on copie, le moins qu'on doive faire est au moins de bien choisir son modèle: c'est ainsi que bien des gens croient faire du gothique, parce que, impuissants à créer et à concevoir, ils reproduisent des formes et des profils sans comprendre qu'ils laissent de côté l'esprit et les principes appliqués par les puissants constructeurs du moyen âge."

In translation this appears as follows:

"We have a different idea in France of the architecture of the Middle Ages; yet we must admit that the Church of St. Nicholas has a grand and noble appearance, and has been constructed with the greatest care."

It is perhaps unnecessary to state that the church was designed by an English architect. Every mistake, every oversight of the original is before us in the translation, even such evident misprints as the statement that the new theatre of Copenhagen is to cost six hundred rix-dollars. Dutch and German words are as M. Narjoux carelessly wrote them, or as they may have been misprinted; except when rendered even more incorrect. The capital of Holland, the Hague, is called in that country 'sGravenhage; that is to say, the hedge of the count or counts. The 's which precedes the name, being the final letter of the genitive form of the definite article, is written in small character. Of this M. Narjoux may have been ignorant, for he writes S'Gravenhage. The translator paused at this word of strange appearance, but recollecting that S. is the abbreviation for Saint (if not in French at least in Italian), he has boldly incorporated another worthy into the already over-full calendar of the eclec, and we read "St. Gravenhage"! There is no lack of similar points, but Mr. John Peto and Saint Gravenhage must excuse us from carrying the analysis any farther.

THE NEW EDITION OF HERDER.*

"THE first ingenuous work of an author is generally the best. His bloom is opening, his soul is still morning-twilight; much with him is still full, boundless feeling, that afterwards becomes subtle investigation or mature thought that has already lost its youthful coloring (*Jugendroth*). We always like the half better than the whole, the promising morning more than the noon of the sun's highest altitude."

These words, so figurative, so profound, so wanting in precision, so characteristic of Herder, have an especial adaptation to the two already published volumes of the elegant edition of his writings which is now appearing. They may, perhaps, at once lead to the reflection that Herder's day has never passed beyond the dawn. Goethe's day in German literature has been opening, at least ever since the publication of the 'Hermann und Dorothea,' and, judging from the issues of the last two years, the sun of this day has not yet reached the zenith. Herder's day has remained morning-twilight, or rather it has sometimes seemed as if

* 'Herder's Sämmtliche Werke. Herausgegeben von Bernhard Suphan.' Erster und Zweiter Band. Pp. 548 and 384. Berlin: Weidmannsche Buchhandlung. 1877.

the promise of morning had become the negation of evening. Hermann Grimm says in his instructive lectures on Goethe: "To later generations, who will from better editions of Herder's writings have made the acquaintance of the great man, it will be a riddle how such a source of light was able to emit so few rays." It has often been given as a reason for the smallness of Herder's present influence that he had little creative power. Even the 'Cid,' which was looked upon for more than half a century as offering his highest claim to poetic genius, was proved ten years ago to be substantially a translation of a French Romance version and not a genuine recomposition (*Umdichtung*) of the original. Goethe's poetic genius, on the other hand (however much he may have owed to Herder, and to Rousseau through him, for his awakening), has assumed larger dimensions every year. The sky has not been large enough for two suns of such immense disparity. The greater must rule by day; and the bitterness of Herder's later years towards Goethe, the spirit of the words quoted by Grimm from Herder as containing the sharpest censure that could fall on Goethe, "Theilnahmlose, genaue Schilderung der Sichtbarkeit," has doubtless helped to turn Goethe's admirers from Herder and to diminish his fame.

But a potent reason for the modern neglect of Herder has certainly been the want of a worthy critical edition of his writings. This want, that has by some scholars been keenly felt, is at last to be supplied. Bernhard Suphan, who has long been known as a successful student of Herder, is issuing an edition of that author of which two volumes have already appeared. The plan of the edition was approved by Moritz Haupt (no higher authority could have been found) and contemplates a chronological arrangement in three sections—prose, poetry, and the writings that had an official or ministerial character. The editor has had constant counsel from Julius Zacher and the support of the Berlin Academy. The imperial treasury has contributed to the enterprise by purchasing from Herder's descendants for Suphan's use most of the rich abundance of manuscripts which Herder left, and Herder's family have put at the editor's disposal whatever remained in their possession. Not merely did Herder leave manuscripts of many of his works—some of which, as, for instance, the collections of 'Fragments über die neuere deutsche Litteratur,' were refashioned several times—but there are also preliminary sketches and studies, books of excerpts and notes, that are of great service in leading up to the original text if the manuscript is wanting, and in showing the connection between different works. The editors of the first complete edition did not compare the printed works with the manuscripts, and there are many mistakes (some absurd ones) in that and subsequent reprints which are to be corrected in this edition. But far more than a correction of orthographical errors is given in these new volumes. Pieces from Herder's pen that were not in the earlier editions have been discovered by Suphan. *Die Königsbergischen Gelehrten und Politischen Anzeigen* and *Die Rigischen Gelehrten Beiträge*, newspapers for which Herder wrote in 1765 and later, have, under the scrutiny of Suphan and Haym (who is publishing a series of volumes on Herder's life and works), added to our inheritance from Herder.

The second edition of the first collection of 'Fragments' was not published until after Herder's death. It was, however, printed probably in the latter part of 1768. Klotz (the same writer whose criticism irritated Lessing) stole a copy from the printing-house and reviewed the revision very unfavorably in the *Italische Deutsche Bibliothek*, January, 1769. This review so annoyed the sensitive Herder that he persuaded his publisher, Hartknoch, to suppress the entire edition of fifteen hundred copies. Suphan's edition contains the first collection in its earliest form, and this suppressed revision in all the passages (more than a hundred octavo pages) which are not duplicates of parts of the first edition. Only the revision is found in the later editions. A letter of Herder's to Nicolai, written about the time of Klotz's ill-natured review, is proof that the second collection also had been completely revised, and was then in manuscript form. Suphan found manuscripts of this revision among Herder's papers, and prints in his second volume parts of it from a second and parts from a third refashioning. It is well known that Herder planned repeatedly for a third edition and an enlargement of the scope of the 'Fragments.' Even as late as 1781 this thought was rekindled in him by Frederic the Great's memoir, 'Sur la Littérature Allemande.' Naturally then among his books at Weimar, after his death, was found a copy in which he had written marginal notes for the contemplated third edition. Heyne, the untrustworthy editor who revised the text for the Carlsruhe edition of 1821 and the Cotta of 1827, introduced modifications from this now lost copy. Suphan gives Heyne's modifications as foot-notes whenever certain that they are to be referred to Herder's own hand.

It is with more precision, though not with more beauty, than marks the words from Herder which were quoted at the beginning of this notice, that Suphan says in his careful introduction to the first volume: "In the first work of an author his literary character is presented most faithfully, with less liability to deceive in proportion as he gives more ingenuous play in it to his inclinations; the composition is richer in unfolding in proportion as the author's future course and final aims lie clear before his eyes. Of that ingenuousness, as of this certainty, Herder's 'Fragments' give evidence to a high degree."

Also of Herder's work in regard to 'Thomas Abbt's Writings' the editor publishes something new. In the complete edition this torso of a monument, as Herder named it, appeared in the revision of Joh. von Müller, and at the end of the first part the words "Die Fortsetzung unterbleibt" were printed. But in Herder's papers a second part containing matter enough to fill seventy octavo pages was found, and appears in Suphan's second volume. Thus of this volume more than half is from Herder's manuscripts, and is now for the first time printed.

Herder's influence will be increased in Germany by this publication. But also among those peoples whose literary spirit he understood (and what modern literature did he fail to study?) and did so much to popularize in Germany, this edition deserves a hearty welcome. No German library will be complete without it, and no one who has any interest in that surprising and magnificent development among the Germans a century ago can afford to be ignorant of the most fructifying genius of that time. His sensitive, receptive, all-embracing spirit, more purely theoretical than Goethe's, had less adaptation for affairs, but he preached a gospel in language, religion, and letters that found in its time a hearing. It was not, Suphan assures us, so much Lessing as Abbt and Nicolai who sowed in the 'Briefe die neueste Litteratur betreffend' the seed that ripened to a harvest in Herder's 'Beilagen.' His rhetoric had an advantage as well as a disadvantage in comparison with the clear intellectual presentation of Lessing. More truly poetic in his prose than in his poetry, he treated a multitude of subjects, and, having something to interest every friend of culture, the free, graceful range of his expression was better adapted for popular acceptance than the logical purity of Lessing. He is just as truly a German, though more receptive of French influence. If in him, as Hillebrand asserts, are to be found the germs of so many comprehensive modern movements, what a source of wealth to the investigator in these two volumes that lay bare, so to speak, the early pulsations of his literary heart!

Une Page d'Amour. Par Émile Zola. (Paris: Charpentier; New York: F. W. Christern. 1878.)—A new novel by the author of 'L'Assommoir' is certain to attract a good deal of attention; but we think it is safe to say that the volume before us is not destined to achieve the peculiar vogue of that remarkable work. (We observe, however, that at the present writing, a very short time after its appearance, 'Une Page d'Amour' has reached a fourth edition.) M. Émile Zola has evidently proposed to himself in the present case to strike a different note from that of 'L'Assommoir,' and to show that he can treat of innocence and purity as well as of misery, vice, and uncleanness. For this purpose he has resorted to radical measures—he has taken for his heroine a little girl of eleven years of age. We cannot say that, however creditable it may be to M. Zola's higher motives, the device has been successful; for 'Une Page d'Amour' has neither the power, the brilliancy, nor the extraordinary technical qualities, as they may be called, of its predecessor. It must be added that the author's attempt to show that he appreciates purity of subject is attended with some remarkable incidents. We should say, however, before going farther, that in his preface M. Zola distinctly repudiates any such short-sighted motive as a desire to throw a sop to public opinion. He prefixes to the present tale the genealogical tree of the Rougon-Macquart family, of whose various members and offshoots the eight novels of his great series already published embody a portion of the history. This history, says M. Zola, is to be unfolded in twelve more novels; and he declares that the genealogical tree in question has not been invented after the fact—at one of the later stages of the working-out of his remarkable scheme—but was completely prepared and elaborated in 1868, before a line of the first novel ('La Fortune des Rougon') was written. M. Zola publishes it now as a proof that every detail of his immense plan was settled in advance. This, to even moderately sympathetic readers, is perfectly credible; for whatever may be the author's defects, he gives us the impression of extraordinary elaborateness and patience of arrangement. This, indeed, is almost his strongest quality; he evidently sat himself down at the outset and tabulated, as it were,

the enormous contents of his twenty novels—pigeon-holed his episodes and characters as if he had been a clerk in a post-office. When the twentieth is published he will certainly have performed an almost unprecedented task; his only rival will have been Balzac, and in some respects the laborious, and, as he would allege, scientific quality of his performance has hardly been equalled in the 'Comédie Humaine.' He requests that full judgment on each of his novels be not passed until the series is complete and the individual story may be examined according to its place in the scale.

A partial judgment, however, he admits that the reader is welcome to form; and it is by the light of this partial judgment that we feel justified in saying that the present episode in the history of the race of Rougon-Macquart is both disagreeable and dull. 'L'Assommoir' was prodigiously disagreeable, but it could not, on the whole, be pronounced dull. 'Une Page d'Amour' suggests, as we read, in a much less degree the need for disinfectants and deodorizers; but neither has it, on the other hand, the really magnificent reality of its companion. An "œuvre intime et de demi-teinte" M. Zola pronounces it in his preface; but, in spite of this gracefully-sounding qualification, the story has little that is positively agreeable. The author of 'L'Assommoir' has not an agreeable imagination; and let him select from life what objects he will, the light it projects upon them is, in the nature of the case, a turbid one. He puts before us here a certain Hélène Grandjean, of the stock of the Rougons, whose childhood has been touched upon in a former story. She is young, beautiful, and virtuous, and she has been left a widow, in Paris, with a small income and a little daughter, a child of a morbidly affectionate nature, of a jealous, suspicious, and fantastic disposition, and liable to convulsions, epileptic fits, and other grievous ailments. This little girl, who, as we have said, is properly the heroine of the tale, is apparently meant to appeal to our tenderest sentiments; but we feel bound to declare that, of all unhealthy children, she is represented by M. Zola as the most detestable, the most ill-bred, the most impossible to live with. She is constantly ill, and her mother is obliged frequently to call in the doctor; the consequence of which is that the doctor (who has a wife of his own) falls madly in love with Madame Grandjean, and that Madame Grandjean (who has become a good friend of the wife) reciprocates, and very soon gratifies, his passion. On one occasion, while she is occupied in gratifying it in the Rue Taitbout, the little girl, left at home alone naturally, conceives such grief, shame, and anger at her deserted condition and her mother's estrangement that she falls into a paroxysm which proves fatal, and to which she presently succumbs. Her illness and death are minutely described (and, it must be added, very powerfully; these pages are the most effective in the volume), together with the remorse and shame of her mother, who has immediately dismissed the doctor. Afterwards, Madame Grandjean marries a former suitor, "rentre," says M. Zola, by no means ironically, "dans l'orgueil de son honnêteté," visits the grave of the little girl in the cemetery at Passy, and quite washes her hands, morally, of the circumstances attending the child's death.

The matter, the *facts*, of M. Zola's story strikes us as very weak and common, and, in so far as the tale is a history of the guilty mother, it is strangely ineffective. To this singular figure of the exceptionally virtuous widow, who throws herself into the arms of her daughter's physician, and then gets so bravely over it, the author has imparted neither solidity nor coherency. The doctor, too, remains simply a peculiarly unpleasant shadow—something like a bad odor. As a history of the child herself, 'Une Page d'Amour' exhibits a certain quantity of the author's skill in producing a sense of reality. There is a terrible abuse of description, but much of the description hits the mark; and probably only M. Zola could have written the thirty or forty pages, at the close, describing the little girl's last illness. It is probable that everything he produces will exhibit the same incongruity—the application of a remarkably complete and powerful method, an extremely solid literary instrument, to objects meanly and, as we may say, ignorantly chosen and bathed in an atmosphere of low-class Parisian cockneyism. If, with his talent and his resolution, he had what we may call a little more horizon, his work would be tripled in value. But, such as it is, he will certainly conduct it to its goal; he will fill out his programme, and, in doing so, he will have performed one of the most remarkable literary tasks of our day.

An Outline of General History for the Use of Schools.—By M. E. Thalheimer, author of 'A Manual of Ancient History,' etc. (Cincinnati: Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co. 12mo, pp. 355.)—Miss Thalheimer's several books have been received with such well-merited commendation that all

we need say at present in regard to the execution of this new volume is that it has the characteristics of general accuracy and pleasing style which its predecessors had. A few words may, however, be appropriately said as to its plan. General history is probably the most difficult subject in a school curriculum—most difficult, that is, to teach in such a way as to present at once a clear, full, and interesting view of a succession of events. Almost all books upon this subject fall into two faults—the one, common also to text-books of the history of individual nations and periods, of giving a great deal too much detail; the other, of forgetting that it is the history of the world that is to be told, not that of the several nations. This is not an indifferent point; it should lie at the foundation of any well-considered scheme of teaching general history. At every period of time—with very rare exceptions—there has been some one nation which has had, so to speak, the *hegemony* among nations, and about whose annals may be grouped all the events of that period which have more than a merely local and national importance. In the last two centuries this is less the case; the system of nations has become so wide and complicated that there have always been several streams of events of nearly equal importance, none of which can well be neglected. Nevertheless, even here, between the ages of Louis XIV. and of Napoleon, who each took the leadership in the world in his own time, if we should take the three names of Peter the Great, Frederick the Great, and Washington, there would be very little omitted which could not be well spared.

Now, the fault we have to find with Miss Thalheimer's arrangement is that there is no such continuity as that which we have been recommending. One chapter does not lead to another by a natural connection, as a part of the great current of the world's history, but each is an independent treatment of an independent topic, and the student is obliged constantly to jump backward and forward in his chronology. For example, in "Modern History," chap. vi., "The Stuarts in England," ending with Queen Anne (1714), is followed by "The House of Austria and the Thirty Years' War," ending 1648; and this by "European Colonies," which goes back to the sixteenth century; while the next chapter, "The Northern Kingdoms," extends from the Union of Calmar (1397) to the Partition of Poland, and so on. We think it impossible with this arrangement to get any consecutive idea of modern history.

Each chapter is good in itself, and the book is well provided with maps, genealogical tables, etc. We will note especially the map of the Holy Land at the time of the Crusades, p. 160. In the map of the Roman Empire, p. 96, the province of Batavia is omitted. In that of Europe in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries Scania is given to Sweden, into whose possession it did not come until 1658. On pages 60 and 63 we find Coronea for Coronea. On page 164 the government of Florence is said to have been given to the "Arts" or trade-guilds in 1343; this was the year of the admission of the "Lesser Arts" to the government—the constitutional change in question belongs to 1266. The illustrations are generally very good, being principally representations of costume—one of the best and most useful kinds of illustration; but that on page 86 will certainly lead most pupils to believe that the lictor (who, by the way, looks very much like a prize-fighter) attended upon the tribune, than which no more radical mistake could be made.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	Publishers.—Prices.
Baker (W. M.), A Year Worth Living: a Tale.....	(Lee & Shepard) \$1 50
Boardman (Rev. G. D.), Studies in the Creative Week.....	(D. Appleton & Co.) 1 25
Brain, Part I, swd.....	(Macmillan & Co.) 1 75
Christ: His Nature and Work: Discourses.....	(G. P. Putnam's Sons) 1 50
Current Discussion, Vol. 2, Questions of Relief.....	" " 25
Economic Monographs: suffrage in Cities, swd.....	" " 25
France and the United States, swd.....	" " 25
Our Revenue System and the Civil Service, swd.....	" " 25
Prothingham (Rev. O. B.), The Rising and the Setting Faith.....	" " 1 10
Hewitts (W. D.), Marmontel's Autobiography, 2 vols.....	(Houghton, Cagood & Co.) 2 50
Jebb (R. C.), Greek Literature: Science Primer.....	(D. Appleton & Co.) " "
Jevons (W. S.), Political Economy: Science Primer.....	" " " "
Lockyer (J. N.), Studies in Spectrum Analysis.....	(Rose-Belford Pub. Co.) 1 25
Modern Symposia: The Social Life.....	(Lee & Shepard) 1 50
Adventures of a Consul Abroad.....	(Macmillan & Co.) " "
Nichols (G. W.), The Cincinnati Organ, swd.....	(Robert Clarke & Co.) 25
Otis (Lieut.-Col. E. S.), The Indian Question.....	(Sheldon & Co.) 1 50
Parker (Commodore F. A.), The Battle of Mobile Bay.....	(A. Williams & Co.) " "
Pottentill's Newspaper Directory for 1878.....	(S. M. Pettenfill & Co.) " "
Read (C.), On the Theory of Logic.....	(C. Kegan Paul & Co.) " "
Richards (Prof. E. L.), Elements of Plane Trigonometry.....	(D. Appleton & Co.) " "
Rollin (H. J.), Studio, Field, and Gallery.....	" " 25
Rowbotham (T.), Sketching from Nature, swd.....	(G. P. Putnam's Sons) " "
Russell (C. W.), The Fall of Damascus: a Tale.....	(Lee & Shepard) 1 50
Savage (J.), Picturesque Ireland, Part I, swd.....	(Thomas Kelly) 50
Shane (C. W.), Landlords and Tenants.....	(Haven Bros.) " "
Smith (J. H.), Exercises in Latin Prose Composition.....	(Hillingsworth) " "
Elementary Greek Grammar.....	" " 25
Sumner (Prof. W. G.), Protection and Revenue in 1871, swd.....	(G. P. Putnam's Sons) " "
The Ictric (A.), The God-son of a.....	(D. Appleton & Co.) 50
Toukins (E.), Principles of Machine Construction, 2 vols.....	(G. P. Putnam's Sons) 4 50
Towle (G. M.), Voyages and Adventures of Vasco da Gama.....	(Lee & Shepard) 1 00
Tuke (Dr. F. H.), Insanity in Ancient and Modern Life.....	(Macmillan & Co.) 1 75
Wallace (A. R.), Tropical Nature.....	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.) 3 20
Wetherill (Julie K.), Wings: a Tale.....	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.) " "
Willard (Prof. E.), Synopses of General History.....	(D. Appleton & Co.) " "
Williams (W.), Landscape Painting in Oil Colour, swd.....	(G. P. Putnam's Sons) 25

Fine Arts.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

FINAL NOTICE.

THE materials for a capital exhibition are to be found in the present gathering at the Academy, deprived of almost all effect by two causes—a relaxation of judgment which has let in a crowd of crudities, and a forcing of tedious Academicians on the eye, according to the rights guaranteed them by an unfortunate caste-system. The wary look no longer, however, at pictures hung upon the eye-line, but confine their attention to works which the hanging committee endeavor to conceal; so that by attending strictly to exhibits placed in the second and third rows they can partly defeat the efforts of the tyrant. The exhibition, now in its closing days, has, as an exhibition, been more successful than the average for the past ten years, but, as a picture-bourse, has failed notably. The young artists of talent, therefore, who with their spirited works have lent life and attractiveness to the display, have benefited a close corporation of the fossil sort without benefiting themselves. Their genius has simply brought money to the treasury of a jealous organization that will not admit them to membership, and that could not have got up a public attraction without them. Meanwhile their works return to the studio unsold, and no practical gain is derived by them from their loans. Some productions of notable vigor which have hitherto escaped our criticism deserve notice before the exhibition closes.

We may begin with those artists, such as Homer and La Farge, whose works the connoisseur does not regard, but rather the works expected of them. It is a somewhat notable fact, for instance, that those who praise Mr. La Farge do not praise the painting he shows them, but always the next one he is going to paint. A peculiar manifestation of tendencies, of subtleties, of promises, is evident in his productions, and the coming one is always to be the masterpiece. This confident admiration of work that does not exist has never failed Mr. La Farge, and has doubtless been as comforting to him as the meed for labors really achieved. He shows three little pictures this year—a bathing girl, sincerely and sculpturally modelled beneath the folds of a clinging gown, an Andromeda, seen from behind and spread upon her rock with all the intimacy of the apothecary's blister, and a hill-top lifting its cedars into the deep pure sky, where you do seem to hear with some success the whisper of the wind in evergreens. Some commentators have discerned a miracle of fairy colors in the spray that glistens upon Andromeda, while others have discovered that the sky into which the cedars plunge is green. What matters it? It is neither the inventiveness nor the truthfulness of these pictures that is in court; the minds of those who stand before them are not on these trifles, but on the picture to come, towards which the fond platitude of Andromeda against her rock and the experiment for a deeper blue than nature's, though resulting provisionally in flatness and in green, may be but needful contributions to the ideally rounded nymph and the ideally azure sky. Winslow Homer, again, is an artist who interests us unfliningly, but in the presence of whose paintings we are infallibly thinking of something else. He does not belong to the class of seekers so helplessly as Mr. La Farge does. He is, on the contrary, a deliverer of positive statements. But he is a man who, in delivering his hits, is very apt to have his elbow twitched at the important moment. He shows marksmanship mitigated by little clumsy misfortunes. We always think of Mr. Homer when we feel hopeful of the uprising of a national expression in art. It is true that our century, with its spread of education that levels everything, is entirely unfavorable to the individuality of nations, and that America, born without a past, and a mere recipient of impartial influences from all the world, is rather more hapless in this respect than others amongst the civilizations. Still, in art, we do notice, although all schools must be based alike on the Italians and on the Greeks, that an individual or a group will generally arise whose studies have taken a bent so particular, and so much in harmony with race-character, as to get accepted as typical. A Munkesey comes forward with a budget of rugged faces, in bold light and gloom, and we consent to call his style of painting Hungarian; a Fortuny comes, and glorifies bric-à-brac, and we receive him as a Castilian; a Holman Hunt causes Jerusalem Jews to posture in Hogarthian anecdotes, and we recognize the tendency of the English mind; an Ingres draws the figure with cold logic and faultless etiquette, and we accept him as French; a Piloty and a Makart invent color-theories and

composition-theories which get to be rather loosely pigeon-holed as Bavarian and Austrian. To this museum of types America has not yet contributed, but whenever we forget for a moment how very difficult it will be for her to do so, and cast about for the coming man who will represent her, we are as apt to think of Mr. Homer as of any one else. He selects purely national subjects, and he paints them with a style quite his own, a style that has never felt the style of foreign teachers to a controlling point. But, in the present exhibition, it is to neither of his six specimens that we would turn as the foundation of such a hope. Each is a canvas defaced by a distinct fault, now a singular error of composition, now an emptiness of touch and a rawness of color that can only suggest the chromo. In looking at his contributions we find ourselves opening our eyes rather on his past successes. In each of them, however, there is a note of real merit, ringing, clear, and positive. The young farmer, striding through the dew of dawn, and impulsively taking off his hat to the Te Deum of the birds; the gypsy-girl, with a sly dark head bent over her cards; and the negro-lad, stealing melons in fulfilment of a predatory law of nature, without sin and without conviction of sin, but with a side-long eye bent all the while towards the quarter from which the farmer will descend upon him, are all touched with energy and insight, and, what we like the best, the artist's manner of putting them forward is personal and unborrowed.

Mr. Knight sends from Poissy a scene of village water-carriers. Each of the numerous figures is a faithful study from a given model done with absolute simplicity and purity of method. The deep value of a picture like this, in which a faithful conscience has applied the most delicate nature-copying to every inch of the canvas, is somewhat lost upon the public, because the artist will not descend to the least device of clap-net. It is one of a series of large and studious "stage sets" which the painter has been sending out from under the wing, or from under the ægis, or from under the ferule, of Meissonier. Unfortunately that master, unapproached when painting figures in ordinary house-light, is one of the most atrocious landscapists of modern times; and his faithful pupil borrows from him a landscape style timid, dry, insipid, without felicity of color, and without distinctness of values.

In portraiture, there is not the least doubt that the striking work of the season is to be found among the sculpture. Heads like Mr. Warner's likeness of Mr. Daniel Cottier, and Mr. O'Donovan's similarly diminished studies of Homer and of William H. Beard, together with the heroic bust of Page by the latter artist, would attract immediate eulogy in Paris, or Munich, or any other centre. Mr. Warner's method, based to a slight extent on that of Carpeaux, is what to modellers is known as a painting method; that is, instead of carefully tracing convolutions of form, as in the eyes and hair, to the utmost limit permissible, and thus making, as in the less inspired works of the Greeks, an imitative, cast-like copy of form, he boldly attacks his material in the way to make it shade his work for him arbitrarily; persuades a saliency to cast a shadow that will confer morbidez; cuts out to exaggerated depths the defining traces that are to serve as outlines; makes dark holes for the pupils, and raises sharp silky undulations at particular parts of the hair elsewhere kept in shadow; it is a machinery of projections and hollows which persuade the natural daylight to shade a picture for us, instead of a mere effort to shape the material in every particular according to the shape of the original model. The only objection that has been made to the present work has been that of a want of definition; the fact being that this was completely the meaning of the artist, who wanted to create the impression of a faintly-shaded and generalized head rather than a very positive one. The bronzes by Mr. O'Donovan are really marvellous. We know of nothing to approach them in American sculpture, and believe they could not have been excelled since Houdon; one of them, a young man's head "craning" up out of a lean pair of shoulders with a veiled glance of astuteness, curiosity, and criticism, has got the very secret and look of life; it has the telling quality of caricature with the caricature left out. The large bust of Mr. Page, represented in bronze and plaster, is stately, Phidian, completely noble; its expression of flesh-texture and that of sparse blowing locks of hair are as happy as the facial expression and bearing. Mr. Carl Muller's bust in white porcelain, an energetic bas-relief in Trenton pottery, in the style of Tinworth, a caricature of the Crushed Tragedian by D. Richards, in over-finished bronze, and Hartley's "Whirlwind," a difficult fancy not quite in the artist's control, are all works of individual accent relieved from the reproach of commonplace.

Mr. Inness does not succeed, in his idealizations of American landscape, in impressing his work with that classic and truly poetic elevation

of style which belongs to his Italian views. He has several scenes, explained by texts that remind one of Turner's "Fallacies of Hope"; one passage, where the quick shudder of wind and light is passing over some willows in a storm, crisp and metallic as the glimmer on a burnished copper, is in his best and older style; but generally he exhibits strain without attainment. Mr. Tiffany, in "Laborious Rest," shows transparent children drawn through a transparent grove by a transparent sham of a gardener; the tone is good, but the modelling shows the simplest want of education. Any competent European teacher would withdraw Mr. Tiffany from his painting, which he is not ready to undertake, and put him through a course with life-models and Greek statues. His sketch in suburban New York, with confused lines of crushed shanties like lines in a heap of jackstraws, is better, but ill-composed or ill-selected. Mr. Wordsworth Thompson's "Review at Philadelphia" treats a grave historic theme in the silvery, natty, elegant, fan-painting manner of Le Poitevin, but his picture, however *bourgeois*, is simple, broad, and delicate—a grand historic motive most skillfully transferred to decora-

tive painting. We must not forget how strong and overpowering must be the individuality which can hold its own so calmly in such a stimulus, and insist on doing, out of all the material of a great action, only that which it can do thoroughly well; it is of the sort of work of Shakspeare's, when he selects out of the labors of Theseus only the attendance at comedies and the reconciling of fairy-plagued lovers. Mr. E. L. Henry, our best illustrator of old costumes and customs, gives a London coaching-scene, painted with his usual intense truthfulness. Mr. Eakins has a group of ancient professors forgetting college hours in a game of chess that has lasted well into the twilight. It is wholly admirable, and equally so for unity of composition and discrimination of character. Mr. Humphrey Moore, who, as a travelling companion of Madrazo's and Fortuny's, has some right to the Fortuny material, shows an Alhambra sentinel, asleep with finger on trigger, in powerfully managed water-color—a picture that Villegas would hardly blush to sign. But the whole exhibition yields everywhere such gems of execution, swamped by numbers and prevailing commonplace.

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